



The Pepys Ballads VOLUME II

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The Pepys Ballads

EDITED BY

HYDER EDWARD ROLLINS

VOLUME II

1625-1640 Numbers 46-90



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Perhaps none among us ever wrote verses of any worth, who had not been, more or less, readers of our old ballads. All our poets have been so—and even Wordsworth would not have been the veritable and only Wordsworth, had he not in boyhood pored—oh, the miser!—over Percy's Reliques.

Blackwoods' Edinburgh Magazine, 1835



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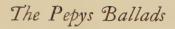
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46

The passionate lover

I, 320-32I, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. The sheet is slightly torn, and the bottom margin is trimmed so closely that the colophon is unreadable, only the tops of a few letters being visible.

The tune of I loved thee once, I'll love no more is named from the first line of "To an Inconstant Mistress," a poem composed about 1625 by Sir Robert Aytoun (1570–1638) and included in Charles Roger's edition of his Poems, 1844, pp. 43–44. Ebsworth (Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 296) says that the music for it was composed by Henry Lawes (1596–1662). The ballad is worthy of its distinguished tune: it is a fine love-song, the composition either of an extraordinarily gifted ballad-writer or of a real poet.

The Passionate Louer.

To the Tune of I Lou'd thee once Ile loue no more.

- A S I sate in a pleasant shade,
 wnder the arch of a thick Groue,
 Where Nature had an Arbour made,
 I did begin to thinke of Loue;
 Me thought it was a peeuish toy,
 Because Loues God was but a Boy,
 and deepely vowd that in my breast
 such braineles phrensies should not rest.
- 2 As I thus thought, there passed by one seemd a Goddesse, yet a Creature, Who did transpire me with her eye, and wound me with her heauenly feature: My heart she did so deepely wound, That I fell senceles to the ground, and was of sences quite bereaud, till with her hand I vp was heaud.
- 3 But her soft hand, diuiner touch
 was cause of greater miserie,
 The vertue of her hand was such,
 that it pierst deeper then her eye,
 Her fingers are those venomd darts
 By which she pierceth tender hearts:
 her eyes be shafts, and if she ayme
 she doth the marke or kill, or mayme.
- I gazd so long vpon her eyes,
 that I was taken in a snare,
 And made her captiue, and her prize,
 bound in the tresses of her hayre:
 As I vpon her beautie gaze,
 My erring thoughtes are in a maze,
 whereas they wander round about,
 [And can not] find a passage out.

¹ Text torn, blurred, indecipherable.

THE PASSIONATE LOVER

- I thought she was the soueraine cure to salue this heart sick maladie,
 Because she did the wound procure,
 I thought she would be remedie:
 But she vnkind denied releife,
 Like a bad Surgeon lancht ¹ my greife, and left it not as twas before,
 but cared ² lesse, and wounded more.
- 6 The more I lookt, the worse my heart.
 the more I grieue, the lesse she cares,
 The more she smiles, the worse my smart,
 and she doth laugh when I shed teares:
 This is not Balsame for my sore,
 It helpes it lesse, and paines it more,
 and she may know if she be wise
 I can't be curde by contraries.
- 7 Beautie is like a blasing light,
 that simple fooles doe flock vnto,
 Like silly Flyes to that by night,
 till they themselues doe quite vndoe,
 For while they dally with the Torch,
 They presently themselues doe scorch,
 then soone they fall, as soone they dye,
 oh that I were not such a Fly.
- 8 I thought in Loue were only ioy, continuall truce, and neuer war,
 But now I see nought but annoy,
 feares and dispaires the ofspringer:
 Some Men perchance doe Hunny finde,
 If that they meet with one that's kind,
 but I have found that in this Bee
 there is no sweet, but sting for mee.

I Text laucht.

² Perhaps read cured.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

- She was the white at which I shot, but ayming wide I could not hit her Scornes and disdaines was all I got, she was to coy, I could not get her: But as for her, she shot so right That none her arrowes hinder might, Shee is so skilfull and so quick. That if shee shoots shee hits the prick.
- vhose euery looke shootes death at me,
 Whose euery glance doth greiue renew,
 and adde degrees to miserie:
 Then let those eyes in darknesse languish,
 that were my Conduit's to this anguish,
 And let the Curtaines of sad night,
 Debar them of the ioy of light.
- O thrise vnhappy I to goe,
 vnto the groue where shee was seene,
 It was the cause of all my woe:
 I wish that there I had not beene,
 Then let my legges waxe dry & wither,
 that were my porters brought me hither
 And let them fall and broken lye,
 like pillars by times iniurie.
- 12 When that I heard the fatall voice,
 that shee pronounc't against my blisse:
 My heart for very anguish stird,
 and ready was pale death to kisse,
 If her least word can doe such wronge:
 why was shee borne with such a tongue,
 And I to heauens will put this suite,
 that I were deafe or she were mute.
- 13 Why should dame nature make such faces, and so adorne these heauenly creatures: When they doe want those milder graces, That doe adde grace vnto their features

THE PASSIONATE LOVER

Like to the Syrens they allure: that no man can their Charmes indure, And in the lookes where grace should ly: sharpe frownes sits in and puts grace by.

- I thought in that soft Sattin skin,
 which being toucht doth seeme to melt,
 And in that brest which tempts to sinne:
 and rauish men when it is fealt,
 There had not beene so hard a hart;
 since softnes was in euery part,
 Oh why should Nature make a Iewell,
 to be so Louely and so Cruell:
- The burning feuer of fond loue,
 hath now corrupted euery part:
 My legges too weake can hardly moue;
 and loue hath festered to my heart,
 My sinewes shrinke ¹ my hart-strings ake,
 My pulses leape my ioynts doe shake:
 And euery limbe and euery sence,
 is plagued for my eyes offence.
- Then let my soule post hence away,
 And with swift flight from me be gone,
 Why should it with mee longer stay:
 in such a rotten mansion;
 O Let it take the last farewell,
 in such a house no longer dwell,
 While I for grife would farther speake,
 my soule flyes out my heart-strings brek.

I Text shrirke.

A pleasant country Maying song

1, 337, black letter, two columns, no woodcuts.

Thomas Langley's publishing dates were 1615-1635, so that as a guess 1625 fits the ballad closely enough. It was perhaps registered as "A new song of Maying" on June 20, 1629 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 1694). The tune is apparently unknown.

Certainly this is a pretty ballad, even though its language and ideas always border on indecency. The fifth stanza in movement, diction, and thought inevitably reminds one of Milton's L'Allegro (ca. 1633):

> Zephyr with Aurora playing, As he met her once a-Maying, There on beds of violets blue, And fresh-blown roses washt in dew, Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair.

Poor Robin. 1667. An Almanack (presumably by William Winstanley) comments:

This Month is called May, as much as to say, the Maids Month; because now Maids entice young Men to walk with them into the Fields. O happy times now for Islington, Newington, Holloway, &c. the Inhabitants whereof for six months past lived only on the meer hopes that after a Winter there would come a Sumer. Now smal Cans Stewd Prunes, Cheese-Cakes, and Kissing are very much used, which shall make Doll to simper on Ned like a Furmity-Kettle.

A PLEASANT COUNTRY MAYING SONG

A pleasant Countrey Maying Song.

To the tune of the Popes Machina.

- IN this merry Maying time, Now comes in the Summer prime. Countrey Damsels fresh and gay, Walke abroade to gather May:
- In an euening make a match, In ¹ a morning bowes to fatch. Well is she that first of all, Can her louer soonest call,
- Meeting him without the towne, Where he giues his Loue a gowne. Tib was in a gowne of gray, Tom he had her at a bay.
- 4 Hand in hand they take their way, Catching many a rundelay, Greeting her with a smile, Kissing her at euery stile.
- Then he leades her to the Spring,
 Where the Primrose reigneth king.
 Vpon a bed of Violets blew,
 Downe he throwes his Louer true.
- 6 She puts finger in the eye,
 And checkes him for his qualitie.
 She bids him to her mothers house,
 To Cakes & Creame & Country souce.
- 7 He must tell her all his mind,
 But she will sigh and stay behind.
 Such a countrey play as this,
 The maids of our town cannot mis.
- 8 They will in a morning gay,
 Decke themselues and gather May.
 Then they will goe crop the flowers,
 Mongst the leaues and Country bowers.

- When our maidens meet together,
 There is praying for faire weather.
 Glad are they to see the Sunne,
 That they may play when work is don.
- Io Some at Dancings make a show,
 If they can get leaue to goe.
 Young men will for maidens sakes,
 Giue them Sugar, Creame & Cakes
- 11 With a cup of dainty Wine,
 And it must be neate and fine.
 Some of them for their good cheare,
 Playes 'three quarters of a yeare.
- 12 Thou ² at the first I liked well, Cakes and Creame do make me swell. This pretty maiden waxeth big: See what 'tis to play the Rig.
- 13 Vp she deckes her white and cleene, To trace the medowes fresh and green: Or to the good towne she will wend Where she points to meet her friend.
- 14 Her gowne was tuckt aboue the knee, Her milkwhite smock that you may see. Thus her amorus Loue and she, Sports from eight a clocke till three:
- 15 All the while the Cuckow sings,
 Towards the euening home she flings,
 And brings with her an Oaken bow,
 With a Country Cake or two.
- Straight she tels a solemne tale,
 How she heard the Nightingale,
 And how ech medow greenly springs:
 But yet not how the Cuckow sings.

² I. e., tho (though).

The reading should probably be Pays.

A PLEASANT COUNTRY MAYING SONG

- 17 In the merry Maying time,
 Loue is in her chiefest prime.
 What for Gentlemen and Clownes,
 Our country maids can want no gownes.
- 18 Sillibubs and dainty cheare,
 Yong men lacke not all the yeere.
 All the maidens in the street,
 With the bonny Yonkers meet.
- And the While the grasse is greene,
 And the Dasies grow betweene;
 Dicke and Tom doe walk the fields,
 Still to trip vp maidens heeles.
- 20 Thus the Robin and the Thrush, Musicke make in euery bush. While they charme their prety notes, Young men hurle vp maidens cotes.
- 21 But 'cause I will do them no wrong,
 Here I end my Maying song,
 And wish my friends take heed in time.
 How they spend their Summers prime.

FIRIS.

Printed at London for T. L.

A lover's lamentation to Phillida

I, 346, black letter, two columns, one woodcut. Another copy is in Richard Johnson's Golden Garland of Princely Pleasures and Delicate Delights (1620). From it and "another copy" Percy reprinted this pretty ballad in his Reliques, 1765 (ed. Wheatley, 1876, II, 274-276), but his text differs very widely from the Pepysian copy. To say nothing of dozens of verbal variations, it has only ten of the Pepysian stanzas, which are arranged in the order 1-4, 10, 11, 5, 6, [7], 9. "The burthen of the song, Ding Dong, &c.," says Percy, "is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains." He instances Ariel's song in The Tempest, 1. ii. 396-403, "Full fathom five thy father lies," the refrain of which is "Ding-dong."

On funeral garlands for maidens (stanza 10) see Spenser's Shepherds' Calendar ("November," lines 108–109); The Reliquary, I (1860), 5–11; Transactions of the Essex Archaeological Society, I (1858), 118; and Percy's Reliques, II, 275, III, 152. Black and yellow (stanza II) were a sign of disappointed or unfortunate love. An early ballad on that subject, "The Complaint of a Lover wearing Black and Tawny," will be found in The Paradise of Dainty Devices, 1576 (ed. Rollins, pp. 78–79). The printer G. P. was probably George Purslowe (1614–1632), and a date of about 1625 may be assumed for this

ballad.

A LOVER'S LAMENTATION TO PHILLIDA

A Louers Lamentation to bis faire Phillida.

To a 2 new Tune.

- I MY Philida, adue, Loue,
 And euermore farewell:
 I must goe seeke a new Loue,
 Yet will I ring her knell.
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
 My Phillida is dead:
 Ile sticke a branch of Willowes
 At my faire Phillis head.
- Our bridall bed was made, But my faire *Phillida*, Instead of silken shade, She now lyes wrapt in clay. *Ding dong*, &c.
- 3 Her corps shall be attended With Nymphes in rich array, Till Obsaquies be ended, And my Loue wrapt in clay.

 Ding dong, &c.
- 4 Her Hearse it shall be carried, With them which doe excell: And when that she is buried, Thus will I³ ring her knell. Ding dong, &c.
- 5 Ile decke her Tomb with flowres The rarest that ere was seene: And with my teares as showres, Ile keepe them fresh and greene. Ding dong, &c.

* Read for.

² Text omits.

3 Text will I will.

- 6 In stead of fairest flowres, Set forth by curious Art, Her picture shall be painted In my distressed heart. Ding dong, &c.
- 7 And euer shall be written, And after shall be said, True loue is not forgotten, Though *Phillida* be dead.

 Ding dong, &c.
- 8 Now euer will I dwell
 Where my True-Loue doth lye:
 And in some darksome Cell,
 There will I pine and dye.
 Ding dong, &c.
- 9 In Sable will I mourne,
 The blacke shall be my weed,
 Ah me, I heare some talke,
 That *Phillida* is dead.
 Ding dong, &c.
- By Art and Natures skill,
 With sundry other flowres,
 In token of good will.
 Ding dong, &c.
- Vith sundry coloured Ribands,
 As much I will bestow:
 They should be black and yellow,
 In token of my woe.

 Ding dong, & &c.
- 12 True Louers be not scanting
 With teares to make me mourne,
 Since *Phillida* is wanting,
 And all my ioyes are gone.

 Ding dong, &c.

A LOVER'S LAMENTATION TO PHILLIDA

13 She was my onely True-Loue,
My heart can witnesse well:
Wherefore, in signe I loue her,
Once more Ile wring her knell.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead,
Ile sticke a branch of Willowes
At my faire Phillis head.

FIRIS.

Printed at London by G. P.

Anything for a quiet life

1, 378-379, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The unfortunate hero of this ballad, as stanza I informs us, was glad to do anything to keep peace in the family — even (with double entendre) to work for his master out of working-hours, incidentally pleasing his mistress thereby. But all the time, because he was in bondage as an apprentice, he longed for the days of freedom when he could have a wife of his own. When he finally got her, his troubles

began.

For an antidote to this attack on matrimony, see "Tis Not Otherwise," a ballad in my Pepysian Garland, pp. 356–360, in which a young husband delights in nearly all the troubles that here are so dolefully catalogued. With stanza 4 one might compare Thomas Nashe's sarcastic thrust, in Pierce Penniless, 1592 (Works, ed. Mc-Kerrow, I, 173), at "Mistris Minx, a Marchants wife, that wil eate no Cherries, forsooth, but when they are at twenty shillings a pound"; and with the list of "the daintiest things" given by the harassed husband to his wife, compare the items that Madam Eglantine in the hope of regaining "her old sweet-heart Rhodon" orders Clematis to buy for her (Ralph Knevet, Rhodon and Iris. A Pastorall, as it was Presented at the Florists Feast in Norwich, May 3, 1631, III. i). "Here," comments Clematis —

"Here is a Catalogue as tedious as a Taylors bill,
Of all the devices which I am commanded to provide, videlicet:
Chaines, coronets, pendans, bracelets and eare-rings,
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroyderies, rings,
Shadowes, rebatos, ribbands, ruffes, cuffes, and fals:
Scarfes, feathers, fans, maskes, muffes, laces and cals;
Thin tiffanies, copweb-lawne and fardingals,
Sweet-bals, vayles, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins;
Pots, oyntments, combs, with poking-sticks & bodkins;
Coyfes, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets and haire-laces;
Silks, damasks, velvet, tinsels, cloth of gold,
And tissue, with colours of a hundreth fold...."

The title is proverbial. A play of the same name, written by Thomas Middleton (and, according to H. D. Sykes in *Notes and*

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

Queries, 12th series, 1x, 181, 202, 225, John Webster) was performed about 1625, but can hardly have influenced the ballad. G. P. are probably the initials of George Purslowe, whose first work was registered in 1614, his last in 1632. A date of 1625 seems to be a safe guess for the ballad.

The first tune is named from the refrain, "O nay! O nay! not yett!" of a ballad (beginning "A young man walking alone") preserved in Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, Loose and Humorous

Any thing for a quiet life; Or the Married mans bondage to a curst Wife.

To the tune of Oh no, no, no, not yet; or Ile neuer loue thee more.

- ANy thing for a quiet life
 A a Yong man faine would do:
 To serue his Master out his time,
 and please his Mistris too:
 His bondage wisht for liberty,
 that he might haue a wife
 At his owne will, for to doe still
 any thing for a quiet life.
- In haste he chose himselfe then one, and quickly was he wed:
 But crooked cares of houshold charge, molested much his head.
 His wedding shooes no sooner off, but his commanding wife
 Did make him pray, and often say, Any thing for a quiet life.
- 3 His wife (yong Lasse) grew wāton sick, within a day or two:
 And long'd, she knew not well for what, as many women doe.
 The daintiest things that could be got, he gaue vnto his wife,
 And for her sake, did vndertake any thing for a quiet life.
- 4 With Plums, and Peares, & Cherries ripe, of twenty shillings a pound, With Pescods newly from the bloome, if any might be found. All which he must goe seeke forthwith, to please his longing wife: Thus married men doe now and then, to haue a quiet life.

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

- 5 Seuen Holydayes in one weeke, she still desired to make, And euery day to lye till noone, for feare her head should ake. For want of sleepe would trouble sore this his yong teeming wife, That would haue dyed, if he denyed any thing for a quiet life.
- 6 For breakefast in her bed she had a Cawdle of Muskadine:
 And then with Woodcocks and with Larks, she must rise vp and dine:
 Where he kind-hearted married man, giues welcome to his wife:
 For doe but craue, quoth he, and haue, any thing for a quiet life.
- 7 At last her Child-bed time drew on, where money must be spent:
 In dainty Lawnes & Cambricks fine, or else no way content.
 Her house must be as well set out, as any Citie wife:
 Thus fill'd with care, he must not spare, any thing for a quiet life.
- 8 Her Nurses weekely charge likewise, with many a Gossips feast:
 He well perceiu'd, when purse grew light, and emptied was his Chest.
 The Sugar Plums, & sweet Conserues to please his Child-bed wife:
 Both night and day, greeu'd him to say, Any thing for a quiet life.

The second part. To the same tune.

- These Christning charges ouer-past, the Churching day came on:
 Against which time, her Taylor must her garded Gowne bring home.
 Her Petti-coat of Stammell red, new giuen vnto his wife:
 Which charges paid, this Yong-man said, any thing for a quiet life.
- Thus after many a braue Carowse,
 vpon her Churching day,
 Her tattling Gossips her perswade,
 in this her rich array,
 To take the comforts of the ayre,
 and pleasures of a wife:
 While he at home, sayes like a mome,
 any thing for a quiet life.
- Vnto her Nurse-child then must she, in iollity and ioy,
 Some ten miles distance for to see, the vsage of her Boy.
 Well mounted on an ambling Nagge, with some kinde neighbours wife,
 Whilst hee poore soule must sing in dole, any thing for a quiet life.
- 12 Not any meeting in seuen miles,
 where Gallants doe repayre:
 But she will braue it with the best,
 and for no charges spare.
 If fault her Husband finde therewith,
 she proues a frowning wife,
 And tyres him so, till he bestow,
 any thing for a quiet life.

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE

13 His old acquaintance must he not at any time goe see:

Except she grant, and giue him leaue, or there in presence be.

And then his purse he must yeeld vp to his commanding wife:

While he must say, Good woman pay any thing for a quiet life.

Thus yeere by yeere, he spent his dayes, in troubles and in cares:

A warning fit for him which thus, himselfe to marriage snares.

The onely hell vpon this earth, to haue an angry wife:

To make vs say both night and day, any thing for a quiet life.

15 Let Yong-men all take heed by this,
how they doe match and marry:
He leads a life of libertie,
that doth the longest tarry.
It is the formost step to woe,
to wed vnto a wife,
That will haue still, at her owne will,
any thing for a quiet life.

FIRIS.

At London printed by G. P.

The contented cuckold

1, 408-409, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

W. I. was perhaps William Jones, Sr., who printed from 1601 to 1626. A date of about 1625 may be assumed for this ballad, which is

poorly printed with queer, uncertain spelling.

In many particulars "The Contented Cuckold" follows the technique of traditional balladry, especially in the dialogue and repetition of the opening stanzas. Perhaps the author simply rewrote a traditional song, adding to it ideas of cuckoldry and satire that were absent from his original. It is something like the Walsingham ballads that are discussed by Chappell (*Popular Music*, I, 121–123), and like the traditional Elizabethan song of "Came you not from Newcastle" which is printed in *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, I, 253–254, and by Chappell, I, 339–340, II, 779. It does not follow conventional broadside-ballad technique, particularly in the way in which it skips over time and place with but a brief explanation or none at all.

An interesting confirmation of my conjectures has come to light since the foregoing paragraph was set in type. In a Huntington Library manuscript (MS. HM 198, 1, 4) — once owned by Joseph Haslewood and later by Henry Huth — I have found an early draft

of No. 50. It begins:

As yo^w cam from that holly land, of Wallsyngham met yow not the way as yo^w cam How showld J syr yo^r trew loue know, that haue mett many a one as J came from that holly land, that haue com the way haue gone.

Shee is nether whyte nor brown, but as the heauens shee is fayer th[er]e 'is none haue a forme so deuyne, on the earthe in the ayre Suche a one did J meete good syr, suche an Angellyke face. who apeered lyke a Nymphe lyke a Queene, in her gate in her grace.

Then after three other stanzas (one of which contains, in but slightly different form, the "quotable lines" mentioned below) it ends with the couplet,

Yea but loue is a dureable fyer, in the mynde euer burnyng neuer sycke neuer willd [?], neuer dead, from hym sellfe neuer turnyng.

¹ MS. torn.

THE CONTENTED CUCKOLD

The heroine of this ballad is a forerunner of Manon Lescaut and the hero of Des Grieux. Her personal fascination is so powerful that the husband passes lightly over her slips, forgetting them in her presence, happy to have her with him on whatever terms, rejoicing, one may suppose, in the sobriquet of "the Newcastle cuckold" so long as his wife will live with him. There are some very good, quotable lines in the ballad, as "Love liketh not the falling fruit nor yet the withered tree," "She is like a careless child forgets her promise passed."

The contented Couckould,

Or a pleasant new Songe of a New-Castle man whose wife being gon from him, shewing how he came to London to her, & when he found her carried her backe agains to New-Castle Towns.

To a very pleasant new Tune.

- I COm hither thou seaman braue sir what do you require, I prethee tell mee if thou can the thing that I desire, Seest thou not my true Loue, seest not my Louer go downe, And seest thou not my true louer then com thorough New-Castle Towne.
- 2 And metest thou not my true Loue by the way as you came
 How should I know your true Loue, that haue met many a one,
 She is neyther whit nor black but as the heauens faire
 Her lookes are very beautifull, none may with her compare.
- 3 She hath falsied her word and left me heere a lone
 And seest thou not my true louer then, go thorough New-Castle Towne:
 She hath left me heere alone, alone heere as you see,
 And seest thou not my true louer then, since she hath forsaken mee.
- 4 Sure I saw your true loue, or else I saw such a on In a gown and peticoat gay, go through New-Castle Towne.

THE CONTENTED CUCKOLD

She went toward the sea
O thither ward did she bend
And with a very braue Coale shipe
to London she is wende.

- 5 For when she went aborde she mickle was and merry,
 Sure I did wish then verily she had bene in my wherye,
 'Tis now iust two dayes since that the ship went away,
 That now a very great way of, the'ir' fleeting on the sea.
- 6 O that was my true loue,
 O that was my louer true
 Though she hath now forsaken me,
 and change me for a new
 I neuer gaue her cause,
 why she should me forsake
 But now alas she is gone to sea,
 and an other corse doth take.
- 7 But sure the winds and fates
 did both togeather agree
 Thus to cary a way my loue
 that hath forsaken me
 But though the winds,
 did with the fates agree
 Yet will I neuer forsake my loue,
 though she hath forsaken me.
- 8 why hath she left you alone,
 an other for to take
 That sometimes did loue you so deare
 and her ioy did you make,
 I loued her all my youth
 But now am old you see,
 Loue liketh not the falling fruit
 nor yet the Withered tree.

I I.e., they are.

- 9 She is like a careles child
 forgets her promise paste
 She's blind, she's death, when as she list
 and in faith neuer fast,
 Her desires is fickel found
 and a trustles ioy,
 I won her with a world of cares
 and lost her with a toy.
- Io But since I haue² her loue
 I vowe her for to follow,
 Be it by land or else by sea
 or yet through dep or shallow.
 And if I do her find
 Ile count her for min owne,
 O then ill bring her back againe
 ynto New-Castle Towne.

The Second part. To the same Tune.

- II Then 3 saylor rige thy shipe, and thy tacles do prouide
 I tell you true that I do meane, for to go the next tide,
 Spread forth your sayles abroad, and driue into the mayn,
 I pray you for to make great hast, wey anchor thou Iolly boat swayn.
- for I think euery hower,
 for to be seauen yeare,
 Vntill that I do find my loue,
 I shall be in great feare,
 For I go her for to seeke,
 I know not which way nor wheather,
 But I would the windes and fates,
 would graple our shipes togeather.

^{*} Read deaf.

² Read haue been.

³ Text The.

THE CONTENTED CUCKOLD

- For many a boystrous blast,
 here do I abid for thee
 Tossing and tumbling on the sea,
 though thou hast forsaken me:
 Yea greater paines I will,
 fiue hundred times indure,
 So I may win thy loue againe,
 and therof be made sure.
- 14 But when that thou doest heare, the paines that I doe take, For to finde thee out againe, thou wilt neuer me forsake, And now to see the seas, how smooth they are and plaine, Sure they do Calculat that I, shall find my loue againe.
- 15 And now at Grausend towne,
 wee ar ariued at last
 Let vs with harty prayers to God,
 giue thankes for dangers past,
 Now farewell seamen all,
 adew, nay twis adew,
 And if I chance to finde my loue,
 Ile carry her back with you.
- 16 For I will go down this tide, allthough that it be late, Where all the way he slept vntill, he came to Billingsgate, But ere that he came their, twas early in the morning,¹ Then he went vp and down the streat, as on that was forlorne.
- 17 First went he into Cheapside, thinking his louer to finde, And after that to London-ston, to satisfie his minde,

Read morn.

So strayt thorough tower street, he pased all along, Wher it was his chance to met, his loue with a seafaringman.

- 18 But when the man espied
 her husband was so nye,
 Then he made no more adow,
 but run away presently,
 Which when her husband spied,
 vnto his wife he came,
 And kist her their most louingly,
 who blusht for very shame.
- If that you will me forgiue,
 and count me for your owne,
 I would go backe againe with you,
 vnto New-Castle Towne,
 At which words he was full glad,
 that she so soone was wone,
 Then prethee swet go back againe,
 vnto New-Castle Towne.
- Thus were they both a greed,
 to go togeather home,
 where wee will leaue them for a while,
 going to New-Castle Towne.
 Thus was the poore man glad,
 that he had got his wife home,
 But he for a cockold euer went,
 in faire New-Castle Towne.

FIRIS.

Printed at London by W. I.

Nobody loves me

1, 430–431, black letter, four columns, one woodcut. In the second and third stanzas several letters or words are blurred so as to be unreadable. They are supplied by guess between square brackets.

For the tune of Phillida, or Phillida flouts me, see Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 182–184. For the tune of Dainty, come thou to me 'see the same work, 11, 517. "Nobody Loves Me" is unusual (cf. No. 28) in having a second part written in a different measure and to a different tune from the first part. As I have pointed out in my Pepysian Garland, p. 78: "When, towards the end of the sixteenth century, printers began to divide ballads into two parts, they felt that each part was an entity, and sometimes, as in the case of the well-known 'Widow of Watling Street,' actually printed each part on a separate broadside. Two tunes and different measures were then appropriate. In a few years, however, every ballad came to have two parts, but the division was a purely mechanical device due to the forme; as a result, only one tune could be used, and the formula, 'The second part. To the same tune,' became stereotyped." The Second Part of "Nobody Loves Me" is, however, really a separate ballad, which has no connection at all with Part I. The title "The Second part of No body loues me" is superfluous and should be omitted. It was, I suspect, inserted by the printer from mere force of habit. The rhyme-scheme of the Second Part, as commonly in ballads, is irregularly varied.

E. W., the publisher, was perhaps Edward Wright, whose first and last books were registered (according to Arber's *Transcript*, v, cx) in 1624 and 1629. Hence the ballad may be assumed to have appeared about 1625. In *The Legend of Sir Leonard Lackwit* (1633) Martin

In The Shirburn Ballads (ed. Andrew Clark, 1907, pp. 296–301) the ballad of "Phillida Flouts Me" appears under the title of "A prettye sonnet of the disdainefull sheppeardesse. To the Tune of Dainty come thow to me," as if Phillida and Dainty, come thou to me were identical airs. That such can hardly be the case is proved by the meter of the original ballad of "Dainty, Come Thou to Me" (Roxburghe Ballads, 1, 628–631).

Parker included "Nobody loues mee" in his list "of all those ignoted Authors, that are negligently mentioned in this huge Volume." ¹

¹ Likewise included are "Hollands Leager," "Iohn for the King," "Knavery of all Trades," "Lusty Lawrence," "Nichole-a-Cod," "Otemeale hoe," "Trundles Dragon," "Wine, Ale and Beere," "Xantippe and Socrates," on which see my *Analytical Index*, Nos. 1925, 1297, 1383, 1609, 1942, 1996, 1661, 2969, 3081; "Muld Sacke," on which compare *The Roxburghe Ballads*, 11, 575–581; "Yes I warrant you," "Andrew Caine [the actor] of all trades," "Opportunity is a Bawd," three ballads not known to me.

NOBODY LOVES ME

Ro body loues mee,

To the tune of Philliday.

Ow all my mony is gone, how should I swagger?
Now may I sit alone with woodden Dagger,
Robert and honest Iohn with mine Host Kester,
Could drinke a dozen Cans out of a Tester:

If now I wash my throat, Needs must I pawne my coat, And sing this heavy note, Nobody loues me.

I flourisht with my friends [while m]y quoyne lasted,
Now that my sud[den loss has the]ir loue's blasted,
Hee and hee with his pot [don't treat] me kindly,
Whilst I could pay my shot [loui]ng me blindly:

Now that I have no C[hink]e, With the Duckes may I [dr]inke, All my friends from me shrinke, Nobody loues me.

3 My Hostis with a smile would entertaine me, Now like a varlet vile doth she disdaine me. I had the Parlor before a[t my comman]ding, Now in the kitchin I take vp my st[an]ding:

Now all my reuell ruffe, Is turnd to kitchin stuffe, And I sing, Marry muffe, Nobody loues me.

When as I had no want, each one would lend me,
Now that my mony is skant, they say, God send yee:
They leaue Pearce-penniles, with high disdaining,
And all are pittiles, to my complaining:

Their words are guilded faire,
Their deedes bace copper ware,
Now I am waxen bare,
Nobody loues me.

Faire Mayds would follow me fast for a Fayring,
I was good company, Purse was not sparing:
The finest Froe in this towne, I might haue kist her,
And perhaps layd her downe, now I must misse her.

Now that my money is lost, They bid me kisse the post, Was euer man thus crost, Nobody loues me.

6 Top of my kin I thought, would not deny me, When I do aske them ought, strait they passe by me Nought but old prouerbs on me they venter, Saue nought in summer and starue in winter.

Old Prouerbs flye about, No money pull they out, Their hands haue got the gout, Nobody loues me.

7 Faith Ile goe dig for more and if I find it,
Like rich Cobs hand and foot, fast will I bind it.
And hide it in the hay vntill it canker,
Then farewell thriftlesse play, and good Ale Tanker:
Ile drinke plaine whig and whay,
Vntill my dying day,
Black pots brings all away,
Nobody loues me.

8 Ile saue my money I, to make a purchase,
Or else before I dye, for to build Churches:
Like worldlings euery hower will I be scraping,
Or like hel stil for more wil I be gaping:
Ere I doe spend my coyne,
Ile let my Carcas pine,
And eate beanes from the swine.
no body loues mee.

9 If I be once rich againe, I will be wiser,
And learne of money-men to be a Miser:
Rather then lend a groat to one or other,
Ile helpe to cut his throat, were he my brother.

NOBODY LOVES ME

I will shut vp my doore, Alwaies against the poore: So Karls doe get their store. No body loues mee.

FIRIS.

Printed at London for E. W.

The Second part of No body loues me. A new Ballad that praiseth good company, sent buto Peter Ply-pot, and Cutbert Empty-can.

To the tune of Dainty come thou to me.

- Theres no comparison,
 of folly to be made,
 To the meaner sort of men,
 such as liue by their trade:
 Vaine pleasure so doth lead,
 their light-braine wits awry,
 That spend and bring themselues,
 to open beggery.
 Company asketh cost,
 Company wasteth gaine:
 Let him that meanes to thriue,
 Much company refraine.
- II Such as so wary be,
 to spare and not to spend:
 Thy wastfull quality,
 he shall mock in the end.
 For such as haue no care,
 a penny for to keepe:
 Shall neuer be worth a pound,
 but liue in danger deepe.
 Company asketh cost, &c.

- 12 In a torne ragged coat,
 commonly shall he goe:
 His wife with sorrow fild,
 his children full of woe.
 Their stomack seldome shall
 be fild with flesh or fish:
 On his bord shall be seene,
 alwayes an empty dish,
 Company, &c.
- 13 To the Wine Tauerne sure, and victling house likewise:
 You seeme to bee good friends, but your owne enemies:
 For all that you doe spend, no thanke they doe you giue:
 But in your beggery, they laugh to see you liue.
 Company, &c.
- 14 Be male content with sin,
 for once a day will come,
 When you that laugh shall weepe,
 this is Christs dreadfull doome:
 Before Lent fast and pray,
 your death you doe not know,
 Thus ere you doe depart,
 starue not your soules with woe.
 Company, &c.
- Though thought will pay no debt, yet every honest man,
 To pay each debt is due,
 will doe the best he can:
 For when a man for debt
 in prison fast doth lie:
 Small helpe then shall he have
 of merry company.
 Company, &c.

NOBODY LOVES ME

- The merriest man on earth,
 is ouercome of death:
 Repenting with much paine,
 his mirth that was so vaine.
 Blest may he be and glad,
 that for his sinne is sad:
 Great ioy shall he obtaine,
 in heauen where Christ doth raigne.
 Company, &c.
- 17 Sith vaine all pleasures are, then voyd leud company:
 Good company there is none, but in Gods Church alone.
 Siluer and gold will rust, and friends will proue vniust.
 Let then thy pleasure be, to sing Christs veritie.
 Company, &c.
- Is The best fellowship I say, is for to spend the day Among thy familie, at thy worke merrilie.

 Then happily shalt thou speed, having come at thy need:

 Full well then maist thou fare, thy purse shall nere be bare.

 Company asketh cost, &c.
- The world may justly then teach all such foolish men,
 To prouide while they may,
 against their sicknes day
 And cease their Ale-house songs,
 the which their credit wrongs,
 Leading more civill lives,
 with these true wedded wives.

FIRIS.

Imprinted at London for E. W.

Master Basse's career

1, 452, black letter, two columns, one woodcut. On the same sheet as No. 53. The printer E. A. was probably Edward Allde, who printed during the years 1584–1628. Hence to date the ballad about

1625 seems safe.

William Basse, or Bas, the author of the ballad, was a poet of some note. Few facts about his life are known, but his works — as Sword and Buckler (1602), which he calls the "first that ere I writ"; Three Pastoral Elegies (1602); a famous epitaph on Shakespeare, beginning "Renowned Spencer lye a thought more nye"; and various pastorals (1653) - have kept his name from total obscurity. R.W. Bond edited The Poetical Works of William Basse in 1893. Basse is supposed to have died in 1653, the year in which Piscator, in Izaak Walton's Complete Angler, part 1, chapter v (ed. Gough and Balston, 1915, pp. 91-92), said, "I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made, at my request, by Mr. William Basse; one that hath made the choice songs of the 'Hunter in his career,' and of 'Tom of Bedlam,' and many others of note." Basse's reputation as a balladwriter must have been firmly established, for in the well-known poem "On the Time-Poets" (reprinted, among many other places, in Choyce Drollery, 1656, ed. Ebsworth, 1876, p. 7) he is referred to as "Basse for a Ballad."

There are later, and less authoritative, copies of the "Career" in Sportive Wit: The Muses Merriment, 1656, sigs. Dd8v-Ee, and Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems, 1682, pp. 64-65. In each copy stanzas 2 and 3 are omitted, and many changes are without warrant introduced into the text. From a vaguely specified manuscript Chappell reprinted the ballad (also without stanzas 2 and 3) in his Popular Music, 1, 255-256; from Wit and Drollery it passed into A Collection of Old Ballads, 111 (1725), 196-197, and thence into Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas's edition of The Complete Angler, 11 (1836), 420-421. From Wit and Drollery, too, Mr. Bond (pp. 127-131) takes his text. He speaks of the Pepys ballad, a transcript of which he had seen, "as merely a cheap street-reproduction," and ignores the fact that it is much earlier in date and presumably more authentic in text than the

MASTER BASSE'S CAREER

copy in Wit and Drollery. For both that miscellany and its predecessor, Sportive Wit, were based primarily on broadside ballads, and were compiled without any assistance whatever from the authors and very likely without any help from authors' manuscripts. Nevertheless, in the foot-notes I have enumerated all the variants in Mr. Bond's text.

In Sportive Wit, as well as in Wit and Drollery, the stanzas take the following form:

Now bonny Bay
In his Sox waxeth gray,
Dapple gray waxeth bay in his blood:
VVhite Lilly stops,
VVith the scent in her chops,
And the black Lady makes it good.
Poor silly Wat
In this wretched state,
Forgets these delights for to hear,
Nimbly she bounds
From the cry of the Hounds,
And the musique of their Careere.

The "new court tune," which is known both as Basse's career and as The hunter in his career, is given by Chappell, I, 255-256, II, 776. Hunter's carrerre (perhaps the same as the foregoing) was in a manuscript of "Scottish Musick" once owned by Dr. Burney and dated 1627-1629 (see The Gentleman's Magazine, XCIII [1823], 122).

Maister Basse his Careere,

OR

The new Hunting of the Hare.

To a new Court tune.

I Ong ere the Morne expects the returne
of Apollo from the Ocean Queene:
Before the creak of the Croe or the breake of the day in the Welkin is seene,
Mounted Idelia cheerfully makes to the Chase with his Bugle cleere:
And nimbly bounds to the cry of the Hounds and the Musicke of his Careere.

- Oft doth he trace, through Wood, Parke and Chase, when he mounteth his Steed aloft:
 Oft he doth runne beyond farre his home, and deceiueth his pillow soft:
 Oft he expects, yet still hath defects, for still he is crost by the Hare:
 But more often he bounds to the cry of his Hounds, and doth thunder out his Careere.
- 3 Hercules Hunted and spoyled the game, wheresoeuer he made his sport:

 Adon did Hunt but was slaine by the same, through Iunoes bad consort:

 Nepthaly to, did the Hart ouer goe, and he purged the Forrests there,

 When his horne did redound, the noise to the hound, he did thunder out his Careere.

 $[\]mathbf{I}$ and \mathbf{B} .

² of the day belongs to the next line.

³ B omits.

⁴ Mounted he'd hallow And chearfully follow B.

⁵ B has in place of the last two lines: Eccho doth he make And the Mountains shake With the Thunder of his Career.

⁶ B omits stanza 3 but gives it in his notes.

MASTER BASSE'S CAREER

- 4 Now bonny Bay with his foame waxeth Gray, deepe ^x Gray waxeth Bay with blood:
 White Lilly tops, doth send for their Caps, ² blacke ³ Lady makes it good:
 Sorrowfull Watte, her widowes estate, forgets these delights to ⁴ heare,
 And nimbly ⁵ bounds to the cry of the Hound, ⁶ and doth thunder out his Careere. ⁷
- Hilles with the heate of the Galloppers sweate,
 Reuiues their freezing 8 tops:
 Dales purple flowers, the spring from the showers,
 which the downe from the Rowels drops:
 Swaines they repast, and Strangers they hast,
 no replect when our Hornes they heare:
 To see a fleete packe of Hounds in a sheete,
 and the Hunter in his Careere.
- 6 Thus he Careeres ore the Moores, or the meeres, 16 ouer deepes, ouer Downes and 17 Clay:

 Till he hath wonne, the day from the Sunne, and the euening from the day,

 Sports 18 then he ends, and ioyfully wends home 19 to his Cottage, where

 Frankely he feasts both 20 himselfe and his Guests, and carowseth to his Careere.

FIRIS.

•	Dapple D. " Willt	e Liny stops with the scen	t in her chaps D.
- 2	And Black B.	4 for to B .	Nimbly she B.
1	Read Hounds with B.	7 And the Musick of their	Career B.
1	Reviving their Frozen B.	9 The Dales B.	
10	I.e., they. B has The[y].	" That B.	their B .
I,	B omits.	$^{\text{\tiny{I4}}}$ the B .	¹⁵ they do B .
16	Over Heaths, over Meers	B_{\bullet} over B_{\bullet}	¹⁸ His sport B.
19	Home again B.	20 B omits.	

NAME OF TAXABLE PARTY OF THE PA

The falconer's hunting

1, 453, black letter, two columns, one woodcut.

This ballad may have been written by William Basse. If not, it is at least a good imitation of his "Career" (No. 52), with which it appears on a single broadside. The date is probably about 1625. A canceleer, or cancelier, — which figures in the last line of each stanza, — is a word that denotes the hawk's turning aside once or twice upon the wing in order to recover herself before striking.

THE FALCONER'S HUNTING

The Faulconers Hunting.

To the tune of Basse his Careere.



E Arely in the morne, when the night's ouerworne, and Apollo with his golden beames:

The Day starre ouertakes, and *Cinthia* forsakes, to frolike with his siluer streames.

We with our delights, and the Haggard in our flights, that afronts the Celestiall Spheare:

With lures and with traines, we gallop ore the plaines, to beholde a Cancecleere.

2 From the fist shee goes, and her nimbly throwes, to out-flye the whistling winde:

Onward still amaine, ouer bush ouer plaine, till her Gelding faintly * she findes:

An vpshot then she makes, till the cloudes she ouertakes, her ambition rests not there:

But mounting still she flies, like a *Phænix* in the skies, and comes downe with a Cancecleere.

I Text gen faintly.

3 Mounting in the Skie, to the shape of a Flye, like a sparke of Elementall fire:

Vpward then she tends to make good her place amends, till the Retriefe giues her desire:

No Swallow, nor doue, their clipping wings can moue like her when i' the Cloudes they appeare:

She comes downe from aboue, like the thunderbolt of *Ioue*,

and doth stoope with a Cancecleere.

4 Both young and olde prepare, to the sport that is so rare from their weary labour comming for to see:

Lifting vp their eyes from the Plaines to the Skies, where the wonders of the Welkins be:

The Spirits of the Avra in hyddles doe repairs

The Spirits of the Ayre in huddles doe repaire, the Musicke of the Bels for to heare,

And quickly flye apart affrighted at the heart, when she stoopes to the Cancecleere.

5 The Mallard with complaints in her golden feathers faints

while the Haggard with the coy disdaine:

Tryumphant in her prey, concludes the Euening gray with a pleasant and a louely gaine:

Homeward then we wend, & the twilight then we spend in discourse our delights to heare:

We tast the Quaile we kild, and carowse in what is filld which goes round with a Cancecleere.

FIRIS.

Printed at London by E. A.

The rimer's new trimming

1, 464, black letter, two columns, one woodcut.

The barber-shop here described might be the model for those in present-day moving-picture "comedies." The rimer may have been a real person, a ballad-writer whose "trimming" was satirized in this ballad by a rival. With it should be compared the trimming, literal and figurative, of Grim the collier in Richard Edwards's *Damon and Pythias* (ca. 1566), with its "Song at the Shaving of the Collier."

No tune is more frequently cited than In summer time and none (because of its very frequency) is harder to identify. Chappell, in his Popular Music, II, 393, notes that the music which he prints for In summer time cannot fit the present ballad. "The Famous Flower of Serving-men" (Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 567), however, was to be sung "to a delicate new tune [i. e., You beauteous ladies great and small], or Flora's farewell, or Summer time, or Love's tide." These tunes, like those cited in my Pepysian Garland, pp. 161-162, give one considerable choice; but as the ballads to which they belong are written in regular iambic tetrameter couplets, while "The Rimer's New Trimming" has an anapestic movement, it is doubtful if they apply here. For other possible equivalents of the tune see The Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 274, 790, VII, 702.

Thomas Langley's first work was printed in 1615, his last in 1635,

so that a date of about 1625 seems plausible.

The Rimers nevb Trimming.

To the tune of, In Sommer time.

- A Rimer of late in a Barbors shop, sate by for a trimming, to take his lot: Being minded with mirth vntill his turne came, to driue away the time, he thus began.
- 2 You barbarous Shauers that nimbly trim with Sissors & Rasor, and handling the Combe: Your rubbing, your brushing, your Ball, & Bason, displayes your fining of each one in fashion.
- You are no Pillers, but poulers i'th state, and still are shauing for what you can scrape: By excrementall Fees you purchase Pelfe, and wash from others; but keepe to your selfe.
- 4 Your abusiue Balles you clap in our eyes,
 making vs wincke whilst you make vp your prize
 With bobbing our Lips, & pullings by the Nose,
 and after to flap vs i'th mouth with your Cloths.
- With your Liquor so hot, you often doe scald, & oft to your hands comes Crowns that are bald: The more that you clip them, the thinner they are, and tis for your profit they loose their Hayre.
- 6 You frizzell, you currell your long Haire & Locks turns vp their Moutchatos, sniffed with Pox: Rub them with Musk-ball, & sprinkle Rose-water the snap of your Finger then follows after.
- 7 Your pulling out Teeth, or stopping the hollow, your skill to cease paine, being but shallow, Making shew of a cure with a Masticke plaister, they fro your chaire rising, a leg they scrape after.
- 8 Hauing thus passed their time in prating, the Chaire became empty, he his turne taking: To be trimmed, into what fashion or cut (quoth the Barbor) will it please you to be put?

THE RIMER'S NEW TRIMMING

- 9 Good friend (quoth hee) I would be knowne, for knowledge is my liuing, now let be showne: Thy cunning in shauing so of my Face, that a blush may not stayne it to my disgrace.
- For such company I come in that will try, if they can stayne it with Vermilion die:

 Or dash me out of countenance by action:

 wherefore put me in the most shameles fashion.
- Boy giue me hither a Ball that will larther,
 And pound those precious gums so dusty;
 poynting to small Coale in a Pan all rusty.
- 12 The Boy straight about his businesse hies,
 Now sir, saies the Barbor, keepe close your eyes
 For this Ball will prooue somewhat tart,
 and twill disquiet you much to feele them smart.
- 13 Quickly Boy, bring my varnishing Ball.

 Heere sir, and giues him the Coales beaten small
 Which ouer his Face he dusteth full thicke,
 and rubs him with Sope, the better to sticke.
- 14 Being about his busines: sir (quoth the Barbor,)
 this Ball doth well scowre, and ease my labor:
 And though here needes no drying with Cloaths,
 yet I must be familiar to pull you by the Nose.
- Hauing done his exployt, made a great smoake, and vnder the Chayre set, being ready to choake: The Rimer vp rose, and foorth of doores flung, they snatching off the Clothes on him that hung.
- 16 And being gon out bedawbed and smeared, the people shouted, Boyes on him stared: He wondring at their laughing, thought his fauour was very pleasing, that mooued such laughter.
- And seeing the Smoake ceased, went backe againe, with troupes following at his heeles amaine:

 The dore was shut, but at the Window a Glasse was set of purpose to shew him his Face.

- Which hee perceiuing, did sweare and raue,
 quo'th Barbor, you are trimd like a riming knaue
 Your quality is awdacious and base:
 now you having got a Vizard for your Face.
- Where next you are trimde, be not too bold,
 with scalding, and scraping, now you are pould:
 Least they noch your noddle, & spoule your cunning:
 and so much good doe you with your trimming.

FIRIS.

Imprinted at London for T. Langley.

Cheapside's triumphs

1, 66-67, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Cheapside Cross was one of nine crosses erected in 1290 by Edward I to mark the spots where the body of Queen Eleanor rested on the way from Lincolnshire to Westminster Abbey. It stood until May 2, 1643, when it was demolished, to use John Evelyn's words, by "the furious and zealous people." Its early vicissitudes are set forth in Anthony Munday's edition of Stow's Survey of London (1618, pp. 483-485), which says that the cross was rebuilt in 1484-1486, and regilded in 1522, 1553, and 1554. Puritan opposition to it developed early, and its images were defaced in 1581. It was repaired in 1595, but defaced in the following year. By 1599 it had fallen into shocking decay, and after considerable talk its restoration was begun early in 1601. Munday informs us that "a Crosse of Timber was framed, set vp, couered with lead and guilded, the body of the Crosse downward cleansed of dust, the Scaffold caried thence. About twelve nights following, the Image of our Lady was againe defaced, by plucking off her crowne, and almost her head, taking from her her naked Child, and stabbing her in the brest, &c."

During the reign of James I the cross, like St. Paul's Cathedral (stanza 12), continued to fare badly. But on March 26, 1620 (John Nichols, *The Progresses of James I*, IV [1828], 593-602), King James went to St. Paul's "to give countenance and encouragement to the repairs of that ruinous fabric," and attention was soon paid to the cross. In the summer of 1626 (Stow's *Annals*, ed. Howes, 1631, p. 1042), "the great Crosse in Cheapside was fully repaired, and most richly gilded, in farre more curious and richer manner, then

at any time before."

The ballad was apparently written in 1626, when (stanza 5) the cross excelled "in shining"; it is, accordingly, one of Francis Coles's earliest publications. In Part 11 "Chyron's Cross" laments that its sad fortune is unaffected by the restoration of Cheapside Cross, and entreats the city or some courtier, lord, or baron, to give the money needed for repairing it. "Chyron" must, I suppose, be a more or less phonetic spelling for "Charing." Not so far removed from that

spelling is "Cheering," as found in *Mercurius Venereus*, 1649, p. 2: "that poor Queene, who sunke down at Cheering Cross, and rose up at Queene-Hive." ¹

The two crosses are referred to in Pasquils Palinodia, 1619 (ed.

Grosart, p. 142):

We now approach the crosse, ycleaped *Charing*, A weather-beaten peece, which goes to wracke, Because the world of Charity is sparing.

Hang downe thy head, O *Westminster* for shame, And all you *Lawyers* which passe by the same, Blush (if you can) and are not brazen faced, To see so faire a monument disgraced.

Doe not you see how London hath repaired
And trim'd her Sister, with great charge and cost? The Crosse in
And though her head was from her shoulders pared Cheap-side.
Yet is she now restor'd, and fairely crost....

Again, in The Last VVill and Testament of Charjng Crosse (1646), A2^v, A3^v, the cross tells at great length how it was neglected while Cheapside Cross was continually (till its destruction in 1643) redecorated: "Though (like my other Sisters) I have been (by age and length of time ould and decayed) and never like my sister (some few yeers since departed in Cheapeside) reedified," "all this while I poor weather-beaten, I Charing Crosse, have still stood."

The tune (used also for Nos. 57, 58) is named from the first line, "See the building," of "A Well Wishing to a Place of Pleasure" (Roxburghe Ballads, III, 56-59; Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, Loose and Humorous Songs, 1867, pp. 1-2). In spite of its derivation from a "loose" song, Phineas Fletcher (Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Poetical Works, ed. F. S. Boas, II [1909], 252-254) used it as a "godly tune," as is seen from his "Psal. 137. To be sung as, See the building."

¹ On this queen see The Roxburghe Ballads, 11, 67-73.

CHEAPSIDE'S TRIUMPHS

Cheapsides Triumphs, and Chyrones Crosses Lamentation.

To the tune of the Building.



- SEe the guilding
 Of Cheapsides famous building
 the glorious Crosse,
 Trimd vp most fairly,
 With gold most rarely,
 refin'd from drosse:
 A pleasing prospect to all beholders,
 that shall but view it,
 and lately knew it
 Defac'd of beauty,
 but now a sumptuous thing:
 Whose praise and wonder
 Fame abroad doth ring.
- 2 Tricked most neatly
 With cost compleatly
 adorn'd most rare,
 Whose shining beauty,
 Showes the Cities duty
 and tender care:

To preserue their rich & sumptuous buildings, in stately manner, such cost vpon her they bestow with honour,
Such is the loue they beare which now is seene
By Cheapside glistering faire.

Is now much graced,
Is now much graced,
that it may be knowne,
How well the Citie,
With care and pitie,
respects her owne:
Braue Citizens of worthy London,
such loue they owe it,
and now they show it,
freely bestow it
Vpon their City faire,
with Cheapside Crosse
There's none can make compare.

4 Search England ouer,
From hence to Douer,
and so about,
The like to Cheapside,
Faire Londons chiefe pride,
you'l not find out:
Newly beautifi'd most neat and fairly,
all may admire,
and still desire,
to gaze vp higher,
To see the glorious state
of this rare building,
Rais'd vp very late.

5 O sight most blessed, To see *Cheapside* dressed, in stately manner:

CHEAPSIDE'S TRIUMPHS

May you perseuer
In loue for euer,
tis for your honor,
To see your Crosse excell in shining
all Crosses elsewhere,
to this comes not neere,
now trimmed most rare:
And glorious to behold,
whose shining brauery
Glistereth all of gold.

6 This golden splendor
Makes all men wonder,
to see Cheapside:
In sumptuous manner,
For Londons honor,
and state beside:
Put downe faire Oxfordshires chiefe beauty
Abingtons faire Crosse
was neuer grac't thus,
as is bright Cheaps Crosse,
Now shining faire and bright,
whose excellent splendor

The second part, To the same tune.

[51]

7 KInd friends pray turne ye,
With griefe now mourne ye,
to behold and see
An ancient building
Now downwards yeelding,
ah woe is me:
The prouerb here is verified truly,
old things are worth nought,
but that's a bad thought,
for to forget ought
Once esteemed deare,
But yet alasse
Too true appeares.*

* Too true does appear might be expected.

Giues the city light.

In lamentation,
I make my supplication
to great and small,
That erst haue view'd me,
And now perus'd me,
then iudge withall,
That ancient things in these dayes are
more is the pity
that such a city,
so wise and witty,
Should not regard their fame,
censure aright,
Then tell me where's the blame.

I long haue stood here,
Many bad and good yeare,
pining away,
Expecting euer,
But I feare neuer
to see the day
Wherein my state againe shall be aduanced,
and all things made good,
of stone or else wood,
where I haue long stood,
Expecting euery day
I should be once againe
Made neat and gay.

Old noble *Chyron*,
that plac't me here,
My first supporter
Of stone and morter,
was seated rare:

CHEAPSIDE'S TRIUMPHS

But now you see my top is downward bending my state is reeling, none hath a feeling, to my appealing,

That now in sad distresse to court and city

My sad woes doe expresse.

Be my Supporter,
 I now intreate,
 Some Lord or Barrone,
 Pitty old Chyrone,
 ere it be too late,
 For now my state you see is down declining
 my ancient building,
 is downward yeelding,
 In wofull manner
 I waile my wretched state,
 Oh pity soone, for feare it be too late.

In time I craue it,
And faine would haue it,
for mercies sake,
Take thou some pitie,
Faire London Citie,
my foundation make,
Aged Pauls and I may waile together
and pray to heauen
all may be eauen,
and gifts be giuen
By charitable men,
to beautifie
Our buildings faire agen.

FIRIS.

Printed for F. Coules, at the vpper end of the Old Baily.

A brave warlike song

1, 88-89, black letter, five columns, two woodcuts.

Francis Coles (or Coules) began printing in 1626, and a reference to Richard Peake in the final stanza suggests that the ballad appeared about 1626 and is one of Coles's earliest publications.

In Part 1 the Nine Worthies are enumerated and briefly characterized. They were three Heathens (Alexander the Great, Hector, Julius Caesar), three Jews (Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus), and three Christians (Charlemagne, King Arthur, Godfrey of Bouillon).¹ In the course of his enumeration the author also mentions the foes of Judas Maccabæus, son of Mattathias — Antiochus V, Demetrius I, Lysias, Timotheus, Gorgias, and Nicanor, on whom see the apocryphal books (I and II) of the Maccabees; Baldwin I, the brother of Godfrey of Bouillon and the first king of Jerusalem; Sir Tristram of Lyonnesse; Sir Lancelot du Lac; and Achilles. But these dignitaries are purely incidental. The refrain throughout the ballad recites the names of the Seven Champions of Christendom, namely, the patron saints of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Italy, and Spain. Richard Johnson, ballad-writer and romancer, published The Most Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom in 1596 (a copy of this first edition is in the Henry E. Huntington Library). The romance was enormously popular, so that Johnson added a second part in 1608, a third in 1616; it is still often reprinted, though usually without Johnson's name.2 Stanzas 1-9 furnish an easy way of keeping both the Nine Worthies and the Seven Champions in mind.

In Part II the author adds "other brave warriors not ranked among the Worthies, though as worthy." His purpose was purely

² Compare also his Nine Worthies of London, 1592 (Harleian Miscellany,

VIII [1811], 437–461).

I With this list should be compared Thomas Heywood's book issued in 1640 under the title of *The Exemplary Lives and Memorable Acts of Nine the Most Worthy Women of the World; Three Iewes* [Deborah, Judith, Esther]. *Three Gentiles* [Bonduca, Penthesilea, Artemisia, wife of King Mausolus of Caria, Greece]. *Three Christians* [Elphleda of Mercia, daughter of Alfred the Great, Margaret, queen of Henry VI, Queen Elizabeth].

A BRAVE WARLIKE SONG

patriotic, and after Tamburlaine, the hero of Marlowe's play (stanza 10), he adds only English heroes. Stanza 11 is borrowed almost verbatim from No. 6, as are also parts of stanzas 13 and 14. In his new list of English Worthies the balladist includes only two heroes of romance - Sir Bevis of Hampton and Guy of Warwick. In the opinion of all Englishmen both deserved such an honor. Writing in 1618 a preface to John Lydgate's romance of Guy of Warwick (cf. Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, 11, 521), John Lane declared that Guy has been "reckoned for more then twoe hundred yeeres togeather, the last of the Nine worthies: albeit in that heroical ranck. hee standeth indignified, or neglected, but without anie known cause, by some forane heraultes." In A briefe discourse of the most renowned actes and right valiant conquests of those puisant Princes, called the Nine worthies: Wherein Is Declared their seuerall proportions and dispositions, and what Armes euerie one gaue, as also in what time ech of them lived, and how at the length they ended their lives. Compiled by Richard Lloyd Gentleman (1584) Godfrey of Bouillon is omitted from the list and Guy of Warwick replaces him as an actual Worthy.

The historical Worthies are Edward III (1312–1377), Henry V (1387–1422), Sir Martin Frobisher (†1594), Sir John Hawkins (1532–1595), Sir Francis Drake (†1596), Sir John Norris (†1597), Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex (1567–1601), and George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland (1558–1605), — all chosen for deeds of military or naval prowess, — and Sir William Walworth (†1385) and Richard Pike, or Peake, or Peeke (fl. 1625), who were chosen for special deeds of bravery. Walworth, as the ballad tells, killed the rebel Wat Tyler on June 13, 1381, in the presence of King Richard II and was knighted as a reward of merit. Pike was more valiant than

Walworth and against far greater odds.

That adventurer took part in the third Earl of Essex's expedition against Cadiz in 1625, and afterwards published a booklet describing his adventures. It was called Three to One. Being an English-Spanish combat performed by a Western Gentleman of Tavistock in Devonshire, with an English quarterstaff, against three Spaniards [at once] with rapiers and poniards; at Sherries [Xeres] in Spain, the 15th day of November 1625, was printed by John Trundle (cf. No. 36), and was reprinted by Edward Arber in his English Garner, 1 (1877), 621–643. Pike, who dedicated the book to Charles I, tells how he was captured by Spaniards and quizzed by various officials about the plans of the English fleet. Obtaining no information of value, they mockingly offered to let him fight a Spanish champion with rapiers and poniards. To their surprise, he agreed, and he easily disarmed the champion. Then with only a quarterstaff he fought simultaneously three

Spaniards who were armed with rapiers and poniards, killing one of them and disarming the other two. The fame of his bravery caused King Philip IV to receive him graciously. Pike was presented at the Spanish Court to the royal family on December 25, 1625, was offered a place of honor in the service of the king, and, on refusing, was sent back to England with a gift of one hundred pistolets, or twenty-five pounds. A play on his adventures, attributed to Thomas Heywood and called Dick of Devonshire (ca. 1626), was printed from a manuscript in the second volume of A. H. Bullen's Collection of Old English Plays (1883); and a late broadside referring to Pike, "A Panegyrick Poem, or Tavestock's Encomium," is reprinted in Mrs. A. E. Bray's Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy, II (1879), 238-241. See also the discussion in James Caulfield's Portraits, Memories, and Characters of Remarkable Persons, 1 (1813), 53-57; and a letter dated May 19, 1626, printed by Birch in The Court and Times of Charles the First, 1 (1848), 104.

A BRAVE WARLIKE SONG

A brave bbarlike Song.

Containing a briefe rehearsall of the deeds of Chivalry, performed by the Nine VVorthies of the world, the seaven Champions of Christendome, with many other remarkable Marriours.

To the tune of List lusty Gallants.

- of F noble Warriors

 my warlike muse will treat,

 Who by their strength and valors,
 performed wonders great:

 And made their names for euer
 to liue by worthy fame,

 Ile doe my best indeauour,
 some of the chiefe to name,

 Saint George for England,
 Saint Denis for France,
 Saint Patricke for Ireland,
 whom Irishmen aduance,
 Saint Anthonie for Italie,
 Saint Iames was borne in Cales,
 Saint Andrew is for Scotland;
 and Saint Dauid is for Wales.
- 2 And first the bold Duke Ioshua, chiefe Generall of the Iewes,
 The enemies of Israel
 by Prowesse he subdues,
 Fiue Kings one day he hang'd,
 and to effect his will,
 The Sun within the Firmament,
 did at his prayer stand still,
 Saint George for England, &c.
- Dauid by election

 a Prophet and a King,
 He slew the great Goliah
 with a stone out of a sling.

A Beare and a Lyon, in fight he also slew, His enemies the Philistines, he brauely did subdue. Saint George, &c.

- 4 Iudas Machabeus,
 the sonne of Matathyas,
 Opposd King Antiochus,
 and mighty Demetrius,
 Lysias and Tymotheus,
 Gorgeas and Nicanor,
 Were by him slaine or vanquished:
 thus Israel got honour
 Saint George for England, &c.
- 5 Arthur King of Brittaine,
 with his Round-table Knights
 In honour of our Nation,
 fought many famous fights,
 The valiant Sir Tristram,
 and Sir Lancelot Du lake,
 Did make the foes of Brittaine,
 in those dayes sore to quake,
 Saint George for England.
- 6 Godfrey Duke of Boloigne
 and Baldwin Earle of Flanders ¹
 Ouer the Christian armies
 were principall Commanders,
 The Citie of Ierusalem,
 they from the Pagans tooke,
 He might haue raignde in Palestine,
 but he that style forsooke
 Saint George for England, &c.
- 7. Charlemaine the Emperour, and mighty King of France, The honour of his Sauiour did wondrously aduance,

I Text Fanders.

A BRAVE WARLIKE SONG

The Heathen Gothes and Vandals from Christendome he chast, And for Gods true Religion he many dangers past, Saint George for England Saint Denis for France, Saint Anthonie for Italie, &c.

8 Great Alexander,
the king of Macedon,
In lesse then thirteene yeares space
most of the world he won.
And Cæsar from Dictator
Romes Emperour became,
He conquered France and Britany
to get himselfe a name.
Saint George, &c.

Hector the son of Priam, the Prince and pride of Troy, He all his life preserued the Citie from anoy, But when by bold Achilles, he traiterously was slaine, Braue Troy did goe to ruine, and at the last was tane. Saint George for England, Saint Denis for France, Saint Patricke for Ireland, whom Irishmen aduance, Saint Anthonie for Italie, Saint Iames was borne in Cales Saint Andrew is for Scotland, and Saint Dauid is for Wales.

Printed at London for Fr Coules.

The second Part.

Containing other brave VVarriours not ranckt among the VVorthies, though as worthy. To the same tune.



- The worthy Scythian Warrior,
 who from a Shepheard Swaine,
 Did come to be instyled
 the might Tamberlane,
 He kept the Turkish Emperour
 still in an Iron Cage,
 Six Kings did draw his Chariot
 his like liu'd in no age.
 Saint George, &c.
- Likewise *Richard* the first sometime King of this Land, He slew a mighty Lyon, euen with his naked hand,

A BRAVE WARLIKE SONG

With manly force and valour, he the Lyons heart did teare, And kill'd the Duke of Austria, with a box vpon the eare. Saint George for England, &c.

- Also braue Edward King,
 (since Williams raigne) the third
 The Realme of France he vanquished,
 and won by dint of Sword,
 And likewise the fift Henry,
 at Agencourt did foyle,
 The French King and his Chiualry,
 and brought away the spoyle.
 Saint George, &c.
- The noble Earle of Warwicke,
 that called was Sir Guy,
 Against the wicked Infidells,
 his valour he did try:
 He fought with Giant Colbrand,
 and wounded him to death
 Also he kill'd the Dun-cow,
 the Deuill of Dunsmore-heath:
 Saint George for England, &c.
- 14 Beuis conquered Ascapart,
 and slew two mighty Bores,
 And then he passed ore the seas,
 to combate with the Mores:
 For loue of beauteous Iosian,
 which was an heathen Dame,
 He fought in many a battle
 to winne a lasting name.
 Saint George, &c.
- 15 Walworth Mayor of London in second Richards dayes, By killing of Wat Tyler did win eternall praise,

In middest of his army
the Rebell bold he tam'de,
For which all his Successors be
Lord Mayors of London nam'de.
Saint George, &c.

- 16 Cumberland and Essex,

 Norris and braue Drake,

 I'th raigne of Queene Elizabeth

 did many battels make.

 Aduentrous Martin Frobisher,

 with Hawkins and some more,

 From sea did bring great riches

 vnto our English shore.

 Saint George, &c.
- 17 Bold Richard Pike of Tauistoke, a towne in Deuonshire,
 Did combat with three Spaniards, and came off faire and cleare,
 Theres many other warriours,
 whose names I will not tell.
 Lest too prolix my Song should be, and so, kinde Friends, Farewell.
 Saint George, &c.

Sure my nurse was a witch

I, 204-205, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. The first woodcut represents a nurse presenting a child to a beggar, who, in reply to her cry "Catch him Beggar, catch him," answers "Giue mee'm." The beggar, by the way, is dressed in a style far from sug-

gesting rags and poverty.

The title is more or less proverbial; but Guy may have borrowed it, as well as the whole idea of the ballad, from a passage in John Taylor the Water Poet's poem of The Praise, Antiquity, and Commoditie of Beggerie, 1621 (Works, 1630, sig. K, Spenser Society reprint, p. 107):

> And sure if any man beneath the Sky, Had to his Nurse a Witch, it must be I, For I remember many yeeres agoe, When I would Cry, as Children vse to doe: My Nurse to still me, or to make me cease Frö crying, would say, Hush lambe, pray thee peace. But I (like many others froward boyes) Would yawle, & bawle, and make a wawling noyse, Then she (in anger) in her armes would snatch me, And bid the Begger, or Bull-begger catch me; With take him Begger, take him, would she say, Then did the Begger such hard holdfast lay Vpon my backe, that yet I neuer could, Nor euer shall inforce him leaue his hold. The reason therefore why I am not Rich, I thinke is, 'cause my Nurse was halfe a witch.

Guy represents his nurse as beginning with the refrain of stanza I and singing the entire ballad; in the last stanza she tells what kind of husband she hopes some day to find.

On Robert Guy see the notes to No. 44.

The first tune, which should be See the gilding, is derived from the first line of "Cheapside's Triumphs" (No. 55), which dates after

1626. The second tune perhaps takes its name from "Watten Townsend; Or, A Nosegay of Pleasure, Which grew in the Garden of Venus. Tune is, Watten Towns end: Or, Lame Leg next the Wall" (Lord Crawford's Catalogue of a Collection of English Ballads, 1890, No. 91): see Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 218-220, 11, 774-775.

The date of the ballad may be assumed to be about 1626.

SURE MY NURSE WAS A WITCH

Sure my Aurse was a witch, OR,

The merry Night-wench. Who when her child doth cry, merry to make him, Doth sing unto it, Come take him beggar, take him.

To the tune of See the golding, or Watton townes end.



N Londons Citty faire,
a merry Nurse doth dwell,
The which for singing rarely
all others doth excell.
For alwaies she is merry,
vnto her baby young,
Shee day and night, doth take delight
in singing of this song,
Come take him beggar, take him,
here take him beggar, take him,
He cryes and will not quiet be,
then take him beggar take him.

Ι

The bowsing pot companion
that alwayes would be drinking;
His credit nere respecting,
but from all grace is shrinking,
And apt vnto all villany
most wretched that can make him,
If he will not reformed be
come take him beggar, take him.
O take him beggar, take him,
here take him beggar, take him,
Thus still she sings vnto her child,
come take him beggar, take him.

that painefull lazy sluggard
that painefull labour hates,
And loues for to be night and day,
amongst his idle mates,
Good counsell despising
should from his sinnes awake him,
If he will not reformed be
come take him beggar, take him.
O take him beggar, take him,
here take him beggar, take him:
Thus still she sings vnto her childe,
come take him beggar, take him.

The rooking bragging Rorer,
that's in the Mercers bookes,
Let him not thinke to pay his debts,
with his lofty lookes.
For if a Sergeant vnawares
should by the shoulders shake him,
It quickly would increase his cares,
come take him beggar, take him.
O take him beggar, take him,
here take him beggar, take him,
Thus still she sings vnto her child,
come take him beggar, take him.

SURE MY NURSE WAS A WITCH

- 5 That [Ga]llant that's adicted to do[te on] womens beauty, In seruing [his] Creator ^x it makes him slack in duty: For being giuen to Venery, vnlesse that grace awake him, It is the way to penury, come take him beggar take him. O take him beggar, take him, here take him beggar, take him, Thus still she sings unto her child, come take him beggar, take him.
- 6 The foolish swearing Gamester,
 he in that cursed vice
 Delights to play, still night and day
 at Tables, Cards, and Dice:
 In cursing, and in swearing,
 which makes his friends forsake him,
 And when al's lost, to ieere him,
 come take him beggar, take him.
 O take him beggar, take him,
 here take him beggar, take him,
 Thus still she sings vnto her child,
 come take him beggar, take him.

The second part. To the same Tune.

7 The giddy headed Shopkeeper loues gadding here, and there, And of his businesse at home hath no respect and care:
Still wasting, and consuming it quickly poore will make him If once he counter tenor sing, come take him beggar, take him.

The brackets indicate places torn in the text.

O take him beggar, take him, here take him beggar, take him, Thus still she singes vnto her child, come take him beggar, take him.

8 The young fantasticke scholler, so passing full of wit,
Bred in the Vniuersity and knowledge there did get:
If so conceited proud he be as make his friends forsake him,
And giuen vnto ebriety.

come take him begger take him.
O take him beggar, take him,
here take him beggar, take him,
Thus still she sings vnto her child,
come take him beggar take him.

9 The spruce and handsome Taylor,
new fashions doth inuent
For making clothes, is paid with oathes
which breeds his discontent:
Great is his charge, and house-rent,
which is the cause doth make him
Be forc'd to breake, the truth to speake.
come take him beggar, take him.
O take him beggar, take him,
here take him beggar, take him,
Thus still she sings vnto her child,
come take him beggar, take him.

is on the Tanners score
By giuing trust to galants, a meanes to make him poore;
And when he can no longer trust,
vnkindly they forsake him,
Which grieues his heart, and breeds his smart,
come take him beggar, take him.

I Text rust to galnts.

SURE MY NURSE WAS A WITCH

O take him beggar, take him, here take him beggar, take him, Thus still she sings, vnto her child, come take him beggar, take him.

The nimble faire tongu'd Tapster, that cryes anon I come,
By coring, and by scoring and trusting Iack and Tom,
Dick, Daniel, Hodge, and Humphry,
who kindly faire did speake him
Till Brewer swore to trust no more,
come take him beggar, take him.
O take him beggar, take him,
here take him beggar, take him,
Thus still she sings vnto her child,
come take him beggar, take him.

If euer I doe marry
Ile haue a yeoman man,
To be his wife the country life
my mind is bent vpon;
No other I can fancy,
my husband for to make him
A Tradesman he, is not for me;
come take him beggar, take him.
O take him beggar, take him,
here take him beggar, take him,
Thus still she sings vnto her child,
come take him beggar, take him.

FIRIS.

Ro. Guy.

London, Printed for H. G.

* Read pouring.

² Text chilld.

Sweetheart, I love thee

1, 262-263, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

Here a conventional ballad-situation is reversed. A countryman woos a city miss, who scoffs at him in the coarse manner favored by ballad-writers (cf. No. 41). But for once the man takes the scoffs in earnest and, though "no whit offended," leaves the maid to seek out another lover; while throughout the Second Part she laments her stupidity in turning the country wooer away.

On the tune see the notes to No. 55. The date of the ballad is about

1626.

SWEETHEART, I LOVE THEE

A delicate nebb Song, Entituled, Sweet-heart, I loue thee.

To the tune of, See the building.



- SWeet-heart I loue thee
 And deeme no Lasse aboue thee
 in all this City:
 Sweet-heart I woo thee,
 And vow Ile neuer doe thee
 any harme for pity:
 Sweet-heart tell me thy fathers name,
 and where he liueth,
 and what he giueth
 With you his Daughter,
 who is so faire a Dame:
 For it was to seeke a wife
 that I to London came.
- 2 Good sir forgoe me,
 My friends will not bestow me
 vpon a Clowne.
 I scorne to haue one,
 Vnlesse he be a braue one,
 who liues in Towne:

Ile haue one that comes from Court, that sweares and swaggers, vntill he staggers,
That spends his meanes and is not sory for't,
Oh such a liuely Lad will shew a Lasse good sport.

3 Sweet-heart be milder,
I ne'r imbrac'd a wilder,
in all my life.
Sweet-heart content thee,
Thou shalt no whit repent thee,
to be my wife:
I haue fiue pounds a yeere,
a brace of Geldings,
and sumptuous buildings
For thee and I to sit
and make good cheere,
If thou wilt be my Honey,
my Doue, my Ducke, my Deare.

4 A pox take your riches,
It seemes by your great breeches,
from Court you came not:
I scorne such Asses,
Doe r court your Countrey Lasses,
for yours I am not:
Farewell my Coridon, farewell,
for I see now, man,
thou art some Plowman,
Thy very lookes the same to me do tell,
Goe kisse thy bouncing Kate,
and clip thy bonny Nell.

¹ Read Goe.

SWEETHEART, I LOVE THEE

5 My suite is ended,
And I no whit offended
at thy disdaine,
Ile beware me,
How euer I insnare me
with such againe:
Farewell, then, I scorne thy disdaine,
away be trudging:
and feare no grudging:
For Ile goe woo
some more honest and plaine:
For I respect true loue,
and prize it aboue all gaine.

The second part, to the same tune.

- 6 CIty Dames, attend ye,
 With counsell Ile befriend ye,
 if you'l be witty:
 For now I finde it,
 Though one I did not mind it,
 more was the pitty:
 A Country-man excels a Courtier,
 though not for brauery,
 nor yet for knauery,
 But if hee'l haue thee,
 doe him not deny,
 For any smooth-tongu'd
 Courtiers flattery.
- 7 I once was wooed, And well beloued of a ² Countrey-man:

z Read once.

² Text o.

But I refus'd him,
Nay more with words abus'd him,
thus coy Dames can
With flouting words squib the simple,
that come to woo them,
with loue to proue them,
Yet those Dames will show them
to be so nice and coy,
And count their loues
but as an idle toy.

- A Merchants Daughter,
 Her mind still runneth after
 some Squire or Knight:
 Shee'l haue a Courtier,
 for to support her,
 'tis a goodly sight,
 To see a man that struts in the fashion,
 augments loues fire,
 And still desire
 to haue a neate spruce Lad,
 To strut before them,
 as he were Anticke mad.
- 9 So they haue a Gallant,
 they ne'r respect their talent,
 nor stand for money:
 If he be a fine one,
 Yea or a witty-tongu'd one,
 he shall be their Honey:
 Proud City Dames are growne so dainty,
 my selfe doe know it,
 of late did show it,
 But now beshrow it,
 that ere I seem'd so coy
 To that honest Countrey man,
 that once held me his ioy.

SWEETHEART, I LOVE THEE

Thus she lamented,
Her mind was discontented,
and deepely vext:
Her ioyes exiled,
The Gallant her beguiled,
which her perplext
With teares she then did waile her
and then repent,¹
she ne'r ² lamented,³
But discontented ³
that man with proud disdaine,
And sighing wisht
she might his loue obtaine.

FIRIS.

Printed at London for H. G.

¹ Read repented.

2 Read e'er.

3 These lines should be transposed.

The loving virgin's complaint

1, 328-329, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Published by Francis Coles, this ballad cannot be earlier in date than 1626. The tune of Walking of late abroad, which involves a pretty measure, appears to be unknown. The ballad (evidently entered by its first line) of "Walking of late abroad" was registered on December 14, 1624 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 2831), but has not survived.

The Ovidian tale of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus had been translated by Thomas Peend in 1565, but the reference in stanza 7 is more likely to Francis Beaumont's poetical version of 1602. In stanza 6 there is an undoubted allusion to Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, for only in it (not in Ovid) is Adonis, in imitation of the Hermaphroditus story, bashful, reluctant to yield to Venus.

The loving virgin, like Venus, 'bends the knees of her poor heart's (stanza 23) without success; but it is gratifying to know that the balladist himself (stanzas 27-29) helped, or tried to help, her suit to a fortunate ending.

¹ Cf. William Warner, Syrinx, 1597, K2, "knees of mine heart."

THE LOVING VIRGIN'S COMPLAINT

The louing Virgins Complaint. Or, her desire to obtaine the loue of a young man.

To the tune of Walking of late abroad.

- ONe morning when bright Sol Did first ith East appeare, abroad I walked, abroad I walked, the Nightingale to heare.
- 2 Close by a pleasant Groue, I heard a Maiden cry, with sobs of sorrow, with sobs of sorrow, she wept most heartily.
- 3 O fie on *Cupids* Chaine,
 That hath my heart in hold,
 to endlesse bondage,
 to endlesse bondage,
 I am for euer sold.
- Was neuer silly lasse tormented with such paine,
 I long haue loued,
 I long haue loued,
 and all alack in vaine.
- 5 Ill fortune sure had I to dote thus on a boy, the more I loue him, the more I loue him, the more the foole is coy.
- 6 Like Venus Queene of Loue,
 I woo my sweet Adonis,
 but he is bashfull,
 but he is bashfull,
 all comfort from me gone is.

- 7 I dote vpon his face.
 I more respect his sight,
 then did that virgin,
 then did that virgin,
 who wooed Hermaphradite.
- 8 So beautifull is he, and of so rare complexion, his eyes like lodestones, his eyes like lodestones, haue drawne me to subjection.
- 9 His lockes of louely browne are euery one a snare, to binde poore Maidens, to binde poore Maidens, to sorrow, griefe, and care.
- 10 Would I had neuer seene those honey smiles so sweet, which did inthrall me, which did inthrall me, when first we two did meet.
- II Methought he to mine eye did seeme so pleasant rare, that sure a creature, that sure a creature, he was without compare.
- But all that breeds my care, is that he is so young, he hardly knowes yet, he hardly knowes yet, what doth to loue belong.
- 13 When he and I by chance in any place doe meet, from me he turneth, from me he turneth, with rosie blushes sweet.

THE LOVING VIRGIN'S COMPLAINT

Id doe more then my sex will give me leave to doe, yet he is silent, yet he is silent, and knowes not how to woo.

The second part. To the same tune.

- When loue doth me constraine, from him to steale a kisse, hee'll not afford me hee'll not afford me so small a thing as this.
- When Maids & young men meet where they all merry be,
 with pleasant pastime,
 with pleasant pastime,
 their company I flee.
- Vnlesse my loue be there,
 whose presence breeds my ioy,
 yet heell not see me,
 yet heell not see me,
 which brings me sad annoy.
- 18 But why doe I complaine, or wherefore am I sad,
 I hope my louer,
 I hope my louer,
 will one day make me glad.
- You goddesses and Nymphes, who *Cupids* captiues were,

 O make my sweeting

 O make my sweeting

 commiserate my care.

- 20 O Cupid god of Loue, shoot forth thy golden dart, that he may loue me, that he may loue me, who now doth breed my smart.
- 21 If he would but regard how deare I him respect, it sure would moue him, it sure would moue him, more deare me to affect.
- 22 Yet though he be so coy, still to reject my loue, my constant fancy, my constant fancy, from him shall neuer moue.
- 23 The knees of my poore heart to his subjection bend, though he disdaine me, though he disdaine me, Ile loue him to the end.
- Like eccho to the Woods,

 I here distrest doe flye,

 where I a virgin,

 where I a virgin,

 doe vow to liue and dye.
- And so farewell fond world, farewell my louely boy:
 thy loue shall end me, thy loue shall end me, because thou art so coy.
- 26 I hearing this poore maid, so pitiously complaine,
 I stept vnto her,
 I stept vnto her,
 to ease her of her paine.

THE LOVING VIRGIN'S COMPLAINT

- 27 Sweet virgin cease your mone, quoth I, and be content, by me be ruled, by me be ruled, and you shall not repent.
- 28 By my perswasion she
 was rul'd, and did agree
 to leaue the greene wood,
 to leaue the greene wood,
 and walke along with me.
- In hope that after wards
 his heart would tender proue,
 which she deserued,
 which she deserued,
 by true and constant loue.

FIRIS.

Printed for Fr. Coules.

A quip for a scornful lass

1, 234-235, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Francis Grove registered "3 slips for a Teston," — as well as "2 slippes for a Teston," the ballad from which its tune was named," — on March 5, 1627 (Rollins, Analytical Index, Nos. 2629, 2776). The opening lines are a reference, I believe, to the plot of the lost "Two Slips," to which "A Quip for a Scornful Lass" is a sequel. It warns maids not to be too coy, not to reject the love of men while that love is offered. The narrator is still extremely fond of the erstwhile scornful lass, but hurt pride forces him to crush his fondness and to scoff at her.

"Three slips for a testern" (i. e., three counterfeit twopenny coins for a sixpence) was a more or less proverbial phrase meaning "to give one the slip," to elude, or to deceive. See my *Pepysian Garland*, p. 270, and "The Forlorn Lover; Declaring How a Lass Gave Her Lover Three Slips for a Tester" (*Roxburghe Ballads*, vi, 233–234).

¹ Cf. "Every Man's Condition. To the tune of Two slips" (Rollins, A Pepysian Garland, pp. 270-275).

A QUIP FOR A SCORNFUL LASS

A Quip for a scornfull Lasse. Or, Three slips for a Tester.

To the tune of Two slips for a Tester.

- All you who haue heard

 All you who haue heard

 a peeuish disdainfull Lasse,

 Who proud of her beauty,

 Forgetting her duty,

 did seeke to make me an asse:

 Heare likewise my part,

 Who haue in my heart

 resolu'd euermore to detest her,¹

 Sith she was i'th fault,

 I well may reuolt,

 and giue her three slips for a tester.
- 2 There once a time was,
 When I lou'd that lasse,
 more deare then I did mine owne life
 And firmely was bent,
 If she would consent,
 with speed to haue made her my wife:
 The foolish nice creature,
 Lookt I should intreat her,
 such madnesse and folly possest her:
 No more Ile be vext,
 My humour is fixt,
 Ile giue her three slips for a tester.
- 3 As she was to me,
 To her will I be:
 for so all my friends doe aduise,
 If I should her meet,
 I would not her greet,
 nor afford her a glance from my eies:

I Text he.

As I on the way
Was walking one day,
to meet me straight way she addrest her:
Which I to preuent,
A contrary way went,
and gaue her three slips for a tester.

She came t'other day
To the house where I lay,
to speake with me was her desire,
She said that she would
See me if she could,
but I said I scorn'd to come nie her:
Yet thorow the glasse
I peept on my Lasse,
good Lord how braue she had drest her
In hope to allure,
But let her be sure,
Ile giue her three slips for a tester.

She staid at the doore,
An houre and more,
to wait for my comming in sight:
At last I came to her,
But not like a wooer,
though once she was all my delight,
But that I was loath,
To infringe mine oath,
I had gone very near to haue kist her
She seemed so faire,
I could hardly forbeare,
yet I gaue her three slips for a tester.

6 What lacke you faire maid, Vnto her I said, or what is your errand with me She prayd me to come To her father at home, to which I deny'd to agree:

A QUIP FOR A SCORNFUL LASS

And made a reply,
That neuer more I
intended my mind to pester,
With any small thought
That concerned me ought,
but to give her three slips for a tester.

The second part. To the same tune.

- A T last I went with her,
 And so both together
 did come where her father did dwell.
 I wonder, quoth he,
 That we cannot you see,
 what haue you forsaken my Nel?
 Your daughters too fine,
 Quoth I to be mine,
 therefore tis in vaine to molest her:
 Yet take this from me,
 Ime as scornfull as she,
 and Ile giue her three slips for a tester.
- 8 Then she standing by,
 Put finger i'th eye,
 and sorely began to weepe:
 Sir quoth the old man,
 Doe all what we can,
 where loue cannot goe it will creep.
 All this would not serue,
 I still did reserue
 my vow, & Ime glad that I mist her,
 Thus I tooke my leaue,
 And they all did perceiue,
 I would giue her three slips for a tester.
- Yet since at a Wedding, Where she came a gadding, among other maids of the towne, She came to the boord, Of her owne accord, and close by me she sate downe,

Thought I this is strange,
To see such a change,
I wisht that my tongue had a blister.
When I made that vow,
But I must keep't now,
and give her three slips for a tester.

That she who did vse
so much to reject me before,
Should follow me so,
Where ere I doe goe,
yet she hath incens'd me so sore,
My heart is so hard,
I cannot regard
her beauty which brightly doth glister.
I would haue had faine
What now I disdaine,
I must giue her three slips for a tester.

To hold her in scorne,

I would not so hardly deale with her.

Oh had she beene true,

As to louers is due,

ere this we had maried together,

For me she shall stay,

Yet needs must I say,

that loue is a sore that will fester:

I pity her state,

But helpe is too late,

I must giue her three slips for a tester.

Marke what I haue said,
and leaue off all scornfull disdaine,
Take loue while tis profferd,
And time while tis offerd,
or else you may wish for't in vaine:

A QUIP FOR A SCORNFUL LASS

My loue when time was
Did make me an asse,
and plaid vpon me like a Iester:
But the worst is her share,
I scorne to take care,
but Ile giue her three slips for a tester.

FIRIS.

Printed at London for F. Groue.

Here's to thee, kind Harry

1, 432-433, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

John Wright registered "Here is to the kind Harry" on April 12, 1627 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1104). The tune is apparently unknown. The ballad for which it was named, "Here is to the good fellow," was registered by John Wright, Henry Gosson, and others on June 1, 1629 (*ibid.*, No. 1103); but of course it must have been in print before April 12, 1627.

There is a pleasant swing to this ballad which praises kind Harry, the downright drunkard, contrasting that good fellow favorably with wenching knaves, idle sharks, pilfering thieves, and the like.

HERE'S TO THEE, KIND HARRY

Heres to thee kind Harry. OR

The plaine dealing Drunkard.

To the tune of Heres to thee good Fellow.

Oome for a lusty liuely Lad, R dery dery downe, That will shew himselfe blyth be he ne're so sad, dery dery downe. That cryes a fig for pouerty And takes all troubles patiently, Will spend what he gets, And drinke more then he eates,

That neuer meanes to vary From good fellowship free, If thou such a one be. Ile drinke to thee kinde Harry.

He that will freely call for drinke, dery dery downe.

And neuer repine to part with his chinke, dery dery downe.

That will laugh and sing in the midst of care, Though sorrow force him to despayre.

That scornes to brawle For trifles small,

but himselfe doth quietly cary,

That no worser word From his lips will afford, then heres to thee kinde Harry.

He that's a greedy Cormorant, dery dery downe, That hardly allowes his guts prouant, dery dery downe.

I Text prauant.

That is so loath,
to part with his pelfe
That he will not bestow
a Groat on himselfe.
Let such a hog
Lap whey like a dog,
while we drinke good Canary,
And liue in content,
And blyth meriment,
heres to thee honest Harry.

He that is an idle Sharke,

dery dery downe,

That liues by shifts, and will not worke,

dery dery downe.

That like a rascall

base and rude

Into any company

will intrude,

That though he haue mony

Will scant spend a peny,

at home let such a one tarry,

While we sit here

Wee'll keepe the score cleere,

and heres to thee kinde Harry.

The second part to the same tune.



HEe that is a wenching knaue

dery dery downe

That for a whore his mony doth saue

dery dery downe,

[90]

HERE'S TO THEE, KIND HARRY

That like a fond
fantasticke Asse
Will spend a crowne
vpon his Lasse,
And yet hee's vnwilling
To spend a shilling
with vs in rich Canary,
Let him packe to a wench
That can teach him French,
come, heres to thee honest Harry.

He that is a pilfering theefe,

dery dery downe,

That steales to giue his corps releefe,

dery dery downe.

That though he can

himselfe maintaine

By some honest trade,

he will take no paine.

I wish with my hart,

That the Hangman in's cart

all such to the Gallowes may cary.

For if all theeues were gone,

Then we should keepe our owne,

and heres to thee braue Harry.

He thats a fawning Sycophant,

dery dery downe,

And seeks with tales our eares to inchant

dery dery downe.

Who gives me

pleasant words to my face,

And railes at me

in another place.

And sayes right with his tongue,

When his heart meaneth wrong,

and his thoughts doe poyson cary,

Let no such stay with vs

Who will flatter vs thus,

heres to thee true hearted Harry.

8 He that will boast without desert,
dery dery downe,
And seekes to applaud his strength or art,
dery dery downe,
That will brag and vaunt
to simple men,
As though he were one
could fight with ten
Yet being tryde
He will onely but chide,
his words and his deeds doe vary.
But I like that blade,
Who will doe as he said
and heres to thee braue Harry.

9 He that professeth himselfe a Souldier,
dery dery downe,
Yet neuer bore armes on his shoulder,
dery dery downe.
That prates of many
lands the hath seene,
Yet out of the Land
he hath neuer beene.
He hath learn'd to speak Dutch
And thats as much
as he desires to cary.
Some say in Kent street
Many Dutch you may meet,
but heres to honest Harry.

Thus being honest iouiall blades,

dery dery downe,

Let vs be as mery as the maids,

dery dery downe.

But such as we

haue nam'd before,

Them and their dealings

we abhorre.

I Text bands.

HERE'S TO THEE, KIND HARRY

Now tis time to depart
Let vs drinke vp this quart.
and then no longer wee'll tary
Each man pay the shot,
What falls to his lot.
but I will pay for Harry.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson on London bridge.

The beggar's intrusion

1, 216-217, black letter, four columns, five woodcuts.

In his "living lines most rude" Hockom writes a good "conceited" ballad, in spite of the uncertainty of his rhymes. His beggar addresses people of various ranks and professions, warning them that their evil courses will ultimately result in beggary. Few broadside ballads present their didacticism so cleverly. William Hockom, or Hockham, was probably the author of Nos. 45 and 67, as well as of "A song of victory vpon the proceedings and Successe of Warrs vndertaken by the most puissant King of Sweden. by W: H:" which was registered on January 27, 1632 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 2488). His signature appears as "Per me William Hockham, Souldiour," at the end of a broadside, "Prince Charles his Welcome to the Court, or a true subjects love for his happy returne frome Spaine," 1623 (Robert Lemon, Catalogue of a Collection of Printed Broadsides in the Possession of the Society of Antiquaries of London, No. 204).

E. W., the publisher, was probably Edward Wright (1624–1629), and a date of about 1628 for "The Beggar's Intrusion" seems plausible. The tune, Sellenger's round, or The beginning of the world, is given in Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 69–71. For its history see an article in the London Times Literary Supplement, September 29, 1921,

p. 628.

THE BEGGAR'S INTRUSION

The Beggers Intrusion, Or the worlds Illusion.

To the tune of Sallingers Rownde.

- A Begger of late most poore in estate
 I truly will discouer,
 In behauiour rude, yet he would intrude,
 no place he would pass ouer,
 Conceite the meaning Gentlemen
 or else you doe me wrong:
 For the worlds Illusion, in the conclusion,
 is subject of my song.
- He meetes first with a Prodigall,
 and he shakes him by the clooke,
 Who in disgrace vppon the face
 did hit this Begger a strooke,
 The poore man answered only this,
 for ought that I can spy,
 Though blowes be rife & you lead a proud life
 yet a Begger you shall dy.
- There ¹ meetes he with a Seruing man, dect brauely in apparell,
 Who spying of this begger than made proffer for to quarrell,
 Pray leaue your wordes, and keepe your sword, and liue contentedly:
 Were you in feare ² or you casherd, then a Begger would you dy.
- Then meetes he with a dainty Dame,
 a Courtier I do think,
 Who had a gowne most rich to see
 beset with many a pinck.
 Who spying of this Beggerman,
 thou smelst quoth she fi fi:
 Quoth the Begger aloude, be not to proude,
 for a Begger you must dy.

* Read Then.

² For in feare read afeard.

- Then meetes he with a Sergeant,
 and in his hand his Mase,
 The Begger then most lustily steps,
 and comes toward him a pase,
 What wouldst thou haue thou arrant knaue,
 thou comst to hastely,
 For to tell you this you liue amisse,
 and a Begger you must dy.
- 6 Then meetes he with a Lawyers Clarke, and he tels him boldly thus:
 Sir you are he or't dimmes my eye, that is the vndoing of vs.
 For when your Master giues a tester:
 you doe his guift deny,
 But for all your procolle, hell hath your soule and a Begger you wil dy.
- 7 Then meets he with a Vsurer,
 and he tels him to his teeth:
 That he hords vp store, & giues nought to the poore,
 and clads himselfe with necke beefe.
 But Vserer stay, marke what I say,
 for in thy eares it'll cry:
 Thy conscience is large, and leese thy charge:
 yet a Begger thou shalt dye.
- 8 Then meets he with a Broacker, and he tells him to his face:
 That oftentimes he bought stole clothes, was not this a deepe disgrace.
 But though your conscience be ell longe, next bargaine you doe buy:
 Full well I know, will crosse you so, that a Begger you shall dy.

I I. e., less.

THE BEGGAR'S INTRUSION

The second part. To the same tune.

9 Then meets hee with a Farmer,
was pulling vp his corne
Who when he spyed this Begger,
he made a shew of scorne,
Scorn not a man in misery,
for you so well as I
If heaven should but crosse your store,
a Begger sure would dy.

Then meets he a Promoter,
who lives by honest mens falles,
But being little to farr of
to him this Begger calles:
Saying pray leave of your course of life,
i'le show you a reason why,
Would men live in awe and obey the law,
then a Begger would you dye.

Then meetes he with a horemaster,
and he seekes by gentle means,¹
For to withdraw this young mans minde,
from these abhored queanes,²
O fly there baites my gentle youth,
and liue contentiuely,
Least you to late lament your state,
and so a begger dy.

Then meetes he with a Drunkard
and tels him of his vice,
O friend (quoth he) leaue of in time,
and learne to be more wise,
This drinck confounds your substance,
like wash within it doth ly,
When ye haue spent your store ye can spend no more
then a Begger you must dy.

² Text Queanes.

² Text eanes.

- Then meets he with a Gamster great, 13 and intreats him to give ore Leaue nody new cut and penicth,^z especially with a whore, Leaue wid ruff tickle me quickly to, lay on and thereto by, Play but a game at ruff or twaine, least a begger you do dy.
- To all Estates to all degrees 14 this begger bouldly went, No house where thriftles riot was kept, but he did it frequent, And when he spied a man that loued in the Alehouse for to ly, He'd say my friend thy life amend, least a Begger you doe dy.
- Thus have you heard this worldes bad course,2 15 in liuing lines most rude, And how this begger bouldly doth, to all Estates intrude, Let man and woman night and day, pray to the Lord one hy: That he would send, we our lives might med, that wee might not beggers dy.

FIRIS.

William Hockom.

Imprinted at London for E. W.

63

O gramercy penny

1, 218-219, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The tune, equivalent to I have but a mark a year (cf. Roxburghe Ballads, 1, 364-369) is given in Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 356-357 (cf. 11, 780). Margaret Trundle, widow of John Trundle, published from June, 1627, to June, 1629. Accordingly, the present ballad is to be dated approximately 1628. It is about the earliest of Laurence Price's extant ballads. On Price himself see my Pepysian Garland, p. 443.

Oh Gramercy Penny:

Being a Lancashire Ditty, and chiefly penn'd, To prove that a penny is a mans best friend.

To the tune of, Its better late thrive then never.

- I WHen I call to mind those Iouiall dayes, which in the Old time were vsed:

 I feare that their number greatly decayes, and that they are greatly abused.

 For when a man once begins to be poore, His friends by him then will set little store.

 This Ditty I haue now penned therefore, Of oh gramercy good penny, good penny, of oh gramercy good penny.
- 2 Amongst all the ranke of my neighbors and friends, and in the place of my dwelling,

 I haue made a tryall euen for my owne ends, for that's a thing chiefly excelling.

 For many haue promised much indeed,

 Which faile me now when I seeme to haue most need,

 And maketh me now for to cry with all speed,

 With oh gramercy good penny, &c.
- 3 If in any Court the Law you would gaine, take heed your Fees you spare not,
 For nought without money there can you obtaine, though you beg on your knees they care not:
 So long as your money doth make a great show,
 Though your matter be bad, it must forward goe,
 Tis a speciall point in the Law, as you know,
 With oh gramercy good penny, &c.
- 4 Or if that you vnto the Ale-house doe goe, arayed in Cloathes most finely,
 With money and gold in your fist for to show, theyle say you are welcome most kindly:

O GRAMERCY PENNY

They'l say that you are kindly welcome good Sir, To taste my banquets that we now have here, Tobacco, browne Ale, or strong double Beere.

But tis gramercy good penny, &c.

- or if to the Tauerne your course you doe bend, to laugh, quaffe, and for to be merry.
 With Suger-plums, dainty Cates, and Muscadine, Canary, old Sacke, or browne Sherry.
 A set of Musitians before you shall play, From morning till euening, from euening till day, Tis all for your money, therefore you may say, Oh still gramercy good penny, &c.
- 6 Sometimes you may have a desire to a Wench, being willing to doe your duty,
 Perhaps away from you sheele strive for to flinch, it standeth vpon her beauty.
 But if she your gold and your money did see,
 To fulfill your humour, she straight will agree,
 Oh it is the tricke of each age and degree:

 Then say gramercy good penny, Sc.
- In Market or Towne-place, amongst all the rest, whereas the rich Merchant espies you,
 With a purse well lined, and gold in your fist, oh doe but marke how he eyes you.
 With, What do you lack, you shall be welcome still,
 Come neere, sir, I pray you, and chuse what you will,
 Take it on my word, if you thinke you want skill,
 But oh gramercy good penny, good penny,
 But oh gramercy good penny.

The second Part. To the same tune.

8 WHen lately my flood seemed to be at an ebbe, then I could not meet with any:
But they said to my face, I had spun a faire web, though I had before indeed many.

They would have walked about a long mile, Ere they would have met me in Lane or at Stile, Therefore though they seeme now on me to smile. Tis oh gramercy good penney, good penny, Tis oh gramercy good penny.

- 9 Oh twice gramercy, good penny to thee, for thou dost oftimes bestead me, For I am debarred all company, if once they but know I doe need thee. But when they doe know that I haue store of chinke, With me those laugh, dance, carowse, sing and drinke, Haue I not good cause then to say doe you thinke Oh so gramercy good penny, Sc.
- When men for my labour, a penny me lend, what reason haue I to abuse it,
 Twil make me to drinke when my counterfeit friend, to giue me one drop will refuse it.
 One penny I more doe esteeme in my Purse,
 Then either Pape Gregories blessing or curse,
 It will be my friend, when all things are at worst,
 Then oh gramercy good penny, &c.
- Whilst I his good company may but inioy,
 may I not make bold for to tarry,
 And with Beere and Victuals expell all annoy,
 at an Inne or an Ordinary:
 Each Victualling-house, and each Tauerne will then,
 Say, Show a Roome, welcome you are Gentlemen,
 My Hoste he will giue me a Pipe and a Kan,
 But oh gramercy good penny &c.
- 12 If at an Inne-gate, I chance for to peepe, and haue not a penny about me, The Tapster will frowne, and the Chamberlaines sweare, and the Ostlers they will flout me.

¹ Rhyme demands creep.

O GRAMERCY PENNY

My Hoste will then scorne my companion to be, My Hostes will looke farre more disdainfully, Then tell me ist better to stay or to flye, When I have not thee, oh good penny, &c.

- I lite in a company lately by Fate,
 who scornfully me disdained,
 And that they were vext with a monylesse Mate,
 vnto my face they complained:
 But when they thought I had money by th' pound,
 To make me most welcome, each of them was bound,
 Entreating me kindly to pledge them one round,
 But oh gramercy good penny, &c.
- 14 All Arts in the world invented haue been, of which there are now so many,
 In euery Region o'th Earth to be seene, chiefly to obtaine this braue penny.
 For too well it is knowne in euery place,
 That the want thereof is the greatest disgrace,
 For neuer man was in more pittifull case,
 Then he that doth want thee, oh penny, &c.
- Therefore I wish all men in time to take heed, before that they feele this Consumption, And to spare their Coyne, till the time they doe need, lest they repent of their presumption.
 A boy that hath money's, a man of renowne, A man that's without it, is counted a Clowne, But he's in good case that can say of his owne, Oh now gramercy good penny, good penny, Oh now gramercy good penny.

FIRIS.

L. P.

Printed for M. Trundle, VViddow.

I Text chifely.

64

To him, Bun

1, 450-451, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts, slightly torn and blurred.

A. M. was Augustine Mathews, whose first work was printed in 1619 and whose first period of printing ended about 1635, though he (or another man of that name) reappears as a printer as late as 1653. To him, Bun is the tune of a song in The Second Part of Robin Good-Fellow, 1628 (ed. Collier, p. 38, Percy Society, 1841); so that the date

of the ballad is at least earlier than 1628.

To modern taste the ballad would have been improved by the omission of Mars, Venus, Cupid, and Apollo, and by the centering of attention on the actual people who hunted poor Bunny. The style suggests the same authorship as that of "Basse's Career" (No. 52). "A songe of the huntinge and killinge of the hare," which may have suggested "To Him, Bun," was registered on June 1, 1577 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 1179). For a later ballad of "The Hunting of the Hare," 1675, see The Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 87-90, and my Analytical Index, No. 1180.

TO HIM, BUN

To him Bun, take him Bun: Or, The hunting of the Conney.

To the tune of, To him Bunne, &c.



Reat Mars and Venus, vpon a time meeting, In Cupids shady Bowers, after some greeting: Many words passed then, but their chiefe argument Was how that Summers day, should be in pleasure spent: He said Warres, Brawles and Iarres, these she denied, Milder sport fits each sort, thus shee replyed. [L]et your Hound range some ground, and swiftly follow him, [H]unt the Bun take the Bunne, but doe not swallow him.

2 If than Apollo pleasd, Mars was contented, They shooke hands and agreed, so both consented:

Phæbus beames warmes the streames, where Nymphs doe bath them, Boreas ¹ playes with their locks, and gently waues them;
The gods did giue consent, mortals should sport and play,
In a most decent sort, keeping it Holiday.

Let your Hound range some ground, and swiftly ² follow him,
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne, and doe not swallow him.

Flora with Flowers sweet, spred all the Mountaines, Valles were fresh and greene, swift ranne the Fountaines: Phylomel sweetly sung, to entertaine the Spring, On each branch sits a Bird, making the Groues to ring: Pan pipeth on his Reede, whilst that his Lambes doe play, Euery thing seemes to spring, welcomming pleasant May. Let your Hound range some ground, and swiftly 2 follow him, Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne, but doe not swallow him.

4 Foorth went the Countrey Youthes, euery one leading
His nimblest footed Dogge, ore the Lawnes treading:
Through each bush doe they rush, and open way doth make,
A Hunters path is free, be it through Brake or Lake,

* Text Boras.

² Text switly.

TO HIM, BUN

Ouer Hill ouer Dale,
with shoute and hallow,
Whilest that their nimble Hounds,
poore Bunne doth follow.

Let your Hound range some ground,
and swiftly follow him,
Hunt the Bunne, take the Bunne,
and doe not swallow him.

The second part, to the same tune.



Voth one the match is made, now thers no flinching, Ile not give out for nought, Hang vp all pinching: Since w'are within the Chase, weele haue about Lad, Encourage vp thy Dogge, why dost thou pout Lad, Faire play Ile see thee haue, flye Bunny faint not, Pretty Bunne nimbly runne, and see thou plaint not. Let your Hound range some ground and swiftly follow him: Hunt the bun take the bun, but doe not swallow him.

[107]

6 Nimbly she leapes and skips, ore Hill and Valley, Holes she takes, creepes through brakes, seeming to dally: Cries of Hounds makes the grounds, eccho like Thunder: Making each silly beast mazed with wonder: Take the Earth, let not death so soone oretake thee, For if he catch thee Bun, hele soundly shake thee. Let your Hound range some ground, and swiftly follow him: Hunt the Bun, take the Bun, and doe not swallow him.

For all the shift she made, quickely they caught her, And full low on the ground, sodenly brought her: She did sqeeke, they did shreeke, thus they vsd Bunny, Hard hearted Hounds to vse, so a poore Conny: Hunters came in apace, to see the slaughter, And each one did reioyce, that they had caught her. Let your Hound range some ground, and swiftly follow him: Hunt the Bun, take the Bun, and doe not swallow him.

8 This being done, then the Sunne Westward declined, And pale-fac't Cynthya, in the East shined:

TO HIM, BUN

Euery man with a Leash,
vp his Dogge tied,
And when their sport was done,
homeward they hied:
So farewell. yet a Knell,
Ile ring for Bunny.
Which was a harmelesse beast,
poore pretty Conney.
Ding dong ding thus I ring,
poore Bun is buried,
That with so many Doggs,
was at once weried.

Finis.

Printed at London by A. M.

A bachelor's resolution

I, 232-233, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. The sheet is slightly torn so that the colophon is missing; but all the words and letters of the text, except those enclosed in square brackets, can be

deciphered.

John Wright and partners registered "Bachelors resolucon" on June 1, 1629 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 123). It has little originality of theme. A counterpart to it is "The Maiden's Lamentation" (No. 10). Compare also No. 26. In stanza 10 there is a reference to Martin Parker's ballad of "The Wiving Age," ca. 1625 (Rollins, A Pepysian Garland, pp. 234–238), which had stated that

A yong man need neuer take thought how to wiue, For widowes and maidens for husbands doe striue.

The young man's state of mind is amusingly presented. "Motions of the flesh" demand that he marry, yet he is full of trepidation at the thought of what calamities and misfortunes marriage may entail. He has been a bachelor entirely too long to feel confident, and each day's delay only adds to his misgivings.

The tune is named from the first line, "The blazing torch is soon burnt out," of "A Good Wife or None. To a pleasant new tune" (Roxburghe Ballads, 1, 417-421), a ballad with the refrain of "I had

rather lie alone."

A BACHELOR'S RESOLUTION

A Batchelers Resolution.

OR

Haue among you now, Midowes or Maydes, For I come a woing as Fancie perswades. I must haue a Wife, be she Older or Younger, For I cannot, nor will not lye alone any longer.

To the tune of, The Blazing Torch.

- A Batchelour I haue beene long, and had no minde to marry, But now I finde it did me wrong that I so long did tarry, Therefore I will a wooing ride, there's many married younger, Where shall I goe to seeke a Bride? Ile lye alone no longer.
- So many sinnes are incident vnto a single life,
 That I all danger to preuent with speede will seeke a Wife:
 If I with Women chance to drinke I'me call'd a Mutton-monger,
 But now Ile stop their mouthes I thinke And lye alone no longer.
- 3 O Fate send me a handsome Lasse that I can fancy well,
 For Portion Ile not greatly passe,
 though Money beares the bell.
 Loue now adayes with Gold is bought
 but I'me no Money-monger,
 Giue mee a Wife, though shee's worth nought
 Ile lye alone no longer.
- 4 Yet if she chance to prooue a Slut, a Scold, or else a Whore,

 That could not chuse but be a cut, and vexe me very sore.

[111]

- A Slut would make me loath my meate were I halfe dead with hunger,
 But I must leaue this fond conceate,

 And lye alone no longer.
- 5 What if she should a Wanton be, and make my forehead ake?
 Oh that would be a griefe to me, such wrongs few men will take,
 For iealousie is of such force, no passion can be stronger,
 But be she better, be she worse,
 Ile lye alone no longer.
- 6 If iealous she shall be of me, that were as great a spight,
 Then should we seldome quiet be, but quarrell day and night,
 She'd thinke my loue from her did range though I nere meant to wrong her,
 Yet this shall not my humour change,
 Ile lye alone no longer.
- 7 What shall I doe to chuse a wife in euery thing compleate?
 Should I in searching spend my life, 'twould prooue a taske to great,
 No Man can finde a Woman so, the older nor the younger,
 Ile take my chance as others doe,
 And lye alone no longer.
- 8 Yet will I chuse the best I can,
 Ioue send me luck in chusing,
 And craue the counsell of some man
 whose counsels worth the vsing:
 If she prooue good I shall be glad,
 and vow Ile neuer wrong her,
 Yet am resolued good or bad
 To lye alone no longer.

A BACHELOR'S RESOLUTION

The second Part. To the same tune.

- JLe be contented with my lot,
 how euer it befall,
 Yet if she prooue a drunken sot,
 'twill grieue me worst of all,
 Then I my selfe must drinke small-beere,
 and she must drinke the stronger,
 Though't cost me twenty pounds a yeare,
 Ile lye alone no longer.
- This is the onely time I know,
 for Young-men to get Wiues,
 They say that Maides and Widowes now
 for Husbands daily striues,
 Therefore I shall be quickly sped,
 sith both for Husbands hunger,
 With any man theyle quickly wed,
 Theyle lye alone no longer.
- II Be shee a widdow or a Mayde,
 I doe not greatly passe,
 A withered Crone whose blood's decayde,
 or a young liuely Lasse:
 One that is rich, or one that's poore,
 a feeble, or a stronger:
 An honest woman, or a whore,
 Ile lye alone no longer.
- 12 But yet if I my choice may have
 a Mayde should be my wife,
 I would not be a Widowes slave,
 Ide rather loose my life:
 If I should wed a Widow old,
 I had better take a younger,
 For Widowes will not be contrould,
 Yet I can stay no longer.
- If she should have a stinking breath
 I never should abide her,
 For that to me is worse then death,
 I had rather touch a Spider:

But that's a fault may soone be smelt, sir Aiax smels no stronger:
[B]efore Ile take one with such fault,

Ile lye alone yet longer.

- 14 If shee chance to prooue a Scould,
 her tongue will breede my strife,
 Then I must looke to be contrould,
 and curbed by my Wife:
 A Scould of women is the worst,
 shele force a man to wrong her:
 Therefore Ile try all humors first,
 And lye alone no longer.
- Some men perhaps may wonder, why
 my minde runnes so on Marriage,
 To him that askes me, I reply,
 'tis for my honest carriage:
 For liue a young man nere so chaste,
 he's counted a Whoremonger:
 Therefore Ile get a Wife in haste,
 And lye alone no longer.
- Although my Wife be none oth best, yet I must be content:
 I shall as well speede as the rest, which 'bout this action went:
 I am not first that matched ill, therefore it is no wonder:
 Ile keepe my resolution still, And lye alone no longer.
- I trust I shall with one be sped,
 that doth deserue my loue:
 If I with such a Woman wed,
 I sweare by mighty Ioue,
 That ere she any thing should [lack,]
 Ile suffer colde and hunger:
 Though she had scant cloathes [on her back,]
 Ide lye alone no longer.

A BACHELOR'S RESOLUTION

18 You that my resolution hear[e,]
iudge whether I deserue
To haue a Wife that loue[s me deare,]
and would my will obs[erue.]
Were she a Widdow or [a maid,]
an Elder, or a Young[er,]
My Wedding should not [be delay'd,]
[Ile lye alone] no lon[ger.]

A new merry ballad I have here

1, 176-177, black letter, six columns, three woodcuts.

Thomas Langley registered this ballad on June 20, 1629 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1201), under the title (taken from the refrain) of "I tell you but so." It was published by Francis Grove (1623–

1661). The tune is apparently unknown.

This is a fair satirical ballad which warns the reader against relations with Roman Catholics, quack-doctors, harlots, cutpurses, lawyers, usurers, and the like. In stanza 9 reference is made to an "emblem" which was suggested by one of Aesop's fables. Emblembooks are discussed in Professor E. N. S. Thompson's Literary By-Paths of the Renaissance (1923), but the oyster-emblem of the ballad does not appear in the collections of Geoffrey Whitney (1586), Joachimus Camerarius (1654), and others that I have consulted. Stanza 10 mentions Momus—the son of Night, whose lampoons on the gods made him a type of the censorious critic—and likens him to the famous spire (erected in the fourteenth century and 280 feet high) of St. Wulfram's church at Grantham in Lincolnshire. Momus is said to "looke awry, like Grantham steeple," a saying explained by this old distich in B. Street's Historical Notes on Grantham, 1857, p. 85:

No Churchman can be innocent and high, Tis height makes Grantham Steeple look awry.

In stanza 25 is stated the doctrine, later identified with Rousseau, that plain-dealing, or virtue, ruled the world in the beginning but disappeared under the corrupting influences of civilization. Cologne and its troubles during the Thirty Years' War are glanced at in the final stanza.

¹ The story referred to in stanza 9 is very common. It appears, for example, in Samuel Rowlands's *Diogines Lanthorne* (1607), in La Fontaine, in Boileau, and in Pope.

A NEW MERRY BALLAD I HAVE HERE

A new merry Ballad I have here to shew, Come pence a peece for them, I tell you but so.

To an old tune, newly furbusht.
You'd doe so, would you not, Yes I warrant you.

- I MY Masters attend,
 vnto me giue eare:
 To speake like a friend,
 I meane not to spare,
 Great store of abuses,
 vnto you Ile shew,
 Good counsell refuse not,
 I tell you but so.
- 2 Take heed of false Iesuites, and Masse-priests so vile, That many poore people, oft doe beguile:

 If you be rul'd by them,

 I doe well know:
 Your Soules in great danger,

 I tell you but so.
- 3 The Pope they will tell you, can pardon your sinnes:
 All deedes meritorious, heauen it selfe winnes:
 To Rome on pilgrimage, if you will but goe;
 Home againe like an Asse,
 I tell you but so.
- 4 If Physicke for your health,
 you meane to take:
 Or seeke ease for your Teeth,
 when they doe ake;
 Vnto Quacksaluers,
 nor Mountebankes goe,
 Their medicines white dogges turd,
 I tell you but so.

- They have a rare medicine,
 to kill all the Fleas,
 Great skill also
 at parching of Pease,
 My Breech hath caught the cough
 of them Ide faine know,
 Whats good for the wholesome,
 I tell you but so.
- 6 Beware of false whores inticing baytes,
 To worke your destruction,
 they'l vse many sleights:
 Remember the Prouerbe,
 put fire to towe:
 You are in danger of burning
 I tell you but so.
- 7 Their beautie is painting, their loue it is as tart:
 Honey in the mouth, but Gall in the heart.
 If you keepe them company, and with them goe,
 You may ride with them to Tyburne, I tell you but so.
- 8 You that for nothing
 will goe to Law,
 Vexing your neighbours,
 for a sticke or a straw,
 Because of your lawing,
 your purse will grow low:
 You'l proue your selues Coxecombs
 I tell you but so.
- 9 Forget not I say, that Embleme so rare, Which teaches you how, the Oyster to share,

A NEW MERRY BALLAD I HAVE HERE

Thou must have one shell, the other thy foe,
The fish is the Lawyers,
I tell you but so.

- 10 Regard not the hatred,
 of lewd idle people:
 Momus doth looke awry,
 like Grantham steeple:
 Reueale not thy secrets,
 to friend, nor to foe,
 There's falsehood in friendship
 I tell you but so.
- In gaming and drinking, spend no time away,
 Youth cannot last long, age will decay.
 Hoyse Sayles vp my friend, if wind doe fairely blow;
 Yet keepe still in Compasse, I tell you but so.
- 12 In choyce of a wife,
 choose modest and chaste,
 For beautie decayeth,
 when vertue doth last.
 Vnto Fortune-tellers,
 at no time goe:
 For they will but cheat you,
 I tell you but so.

The second part. To the same tune.

Take heed how you come, into the Vsurers iawes:
Their gripes are more fearfull than Eagles clawes.

Keep hands friend * from bonds and Suertiship to:
The Begger will catch you,

I tell you but so.

- The Broker, his brother,
 is as bad or worse:
 If they but a little
 money disburse:
 They'l sucke out your marrow
 your hearts blood also:
 Their 2 dangerous Vipers,
 I tell you but so.
- The Deuill their grandsire, taught them their trade:
 Since which time they haue, great vse of it made.
 The poores hearts to grate, so causing their woe,
 Amend else you'le rue it,
 I tell you but so.
- All you wicked liuers,
 punkes, Doxies and knaues,
 That bring many people,
 to vntimely graues.
 The Carts they are ready,
 the Beadles also,
 You must tugge like Horses,
 I tell you but so.
- You Pimps, Cheats & Panders
 & such roaring boyes,
 That in Alehouse & Tauernes
 doe still make a noyse,
 The Carters call for you,
 come away, so ho,³
 You must tugge lusty liuely Lads,
 I tell you but so.

* Read freed.

² I. e., They're.

³ Cf. No. 76.

A NEW MERRY BALLAD I HAVE HERE

- 18 You idle Nick-nine-holes, and Tom-Pigeon-holes, That spend your time id'ly, not regarding your Soules, The Carts they are readie, the Beadles also, They will lash you neatly, I tell you but so.
- 19 You neat nimming Diuers of Cutpurse-Hall,
 To draw in the Cart feare you not at all,
 New-gate's prepared,
 there you must goe,
 And after to Tyburne
 I tell you but so.
- 20 A drunkard last night, in the Watch being taken, His Wenches had gull'd him and himselfe forsaken. The Constable asked him, where he would goe, His answere was alwayes, I tell you but so.
- vnto the Counter,
 they sent him away,
 Where swearing and roaring,
 all night he lay.
 A hole he did loue,
 to the hole he must goe,
 Where he had cold comfort,
 I tell you but so.
- 22 Here comes a Cauilleere, fough how he doth smell, Of Muske, and of Ciuet, Cats turds would doe well.

Why is he perfumed?
O now I doe know,
He has got Morbus Gallicus,
I tell you but so.

- Fine mincing Minikin, in Coach must be iogg'd, She hath got a great belly, at playing leape-frog, She sayes tis a Timpany causeth her woe, Tis true tis a liue one, I tell you but so.
- 24 Fine Susan at dancing, doth take great delight.

 The Garland she winneth, from all the Maydes quite, She has a fault in the turne, but not on the toe,

 She turnd late vnto a man, he turned her also.
- 25 The world at the first
 of nothing was made,
 Plaine-dealing then,
 was the onely Trade,
 But afterward worse & worse
 it did still grow;
 God mend it, or end it,
 I tell you but so.
- 26 And thus to conclude, an end for to make, *Colen* doth grumble, my stomacke doth ake:

A NEW MERRY BALLAD I HAVE HERE

A packing penny, if you will bestow, I will goe to Dinner, I tell you but so.

FIRIS.

London, Printed for F. G.

I Text Diooner.

67

Love's up to the elbows

1, 306-307, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The sheet is slightly mutilated, and the author's surname is torn away. It may have been "Meash," for a William Meash wrote a ballad of "Hero and Leander" (Rollins, *A Pepysian Garland*, pp. 49–53) that was printed in 1614; but more probably it was "Hockom," or "Hockham," the author of No. 62. Whoever the writer of this delightful love-song, his attitude towards woman is as refreshing as it is commonly foreign to balladry.

"Loue is vp to the Elbowes" was registered for publication by Francis Coles and partners on June 20, 1629 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1556). The title is more or less proverbial, though it usually takes the form given, say, in Richard Barnfield's *Affectionate Shepherd*, 1594, stanza 12, "But leaue we him in loue (vp to the

eares)."

The tune of *Codlings* is apparently unrecorded. The ballad from which it was named (beginning, "As it befell on a summer's day") is preserved in *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*. Loose and Humorous Songs, pp. 82-83.

LOVE'S UP TO THE ELBOWS

Loues by to the elbobbes.

To the tune of Codlings.

- You men that louing be, loue not too fondly,
 Let still your mind liue free, yet vse them kindly.
 Vse not in loue excesse,
 For here I will expresse
 I am in loue no lesse
 then vp to th' elbowes.
- 2 [I] spide a daintie Dame of fayrest feature
 [S]he was of natures frame a comely creature,
 Her beauty did excell,
 And her sight pleasd me well
 With her in lou[e I] fell
 vp to the elbowes.
- 3 Oft haue I meet ¹ this maid yet neere spoke to her,
 Bashfulnes did perswade, I should not wooe her,
 Still this most beautious prize
 So dazeled mine eyes,
 I fell in wofull wise
 in loue to the elbowes.
- 4 Once at a Wake I met my louely sweeting
 When I did cleane forget the vse of greeting,
 She mery made with Ale,²
 Whose acquaintance was but small,
 In loue I further fall
 vp to the elbowes.
- 5 Dancing vpon a Greene next time I spide her,
 She seem'd like Flora's Queene all th' time I ey'd her.
 Such frolicke roundelaies
 She danst to winne the Baies
 I fell: while she got the praise
 in loue to th' elbowes.
 - Read met.

² Perhaps read all.

6 Trasing the fragrant fields one morning early, To see what nature yeeldes, Wheat Rie and barly,

A milking I did finde This maid of Venus kind Fate hath my loue assignde,

vp to the elbowes.

Selling of Apricokes I spide her standing Laid out with golden lockes my heart commanding

I cheapned her ware It lookt so passing faire But her lookes cast care on care being vp to th' elbowes.

Once I occasion tooke to speake vnto her, Such was her Beautious looke I faine would wooe her

But speech was spent in vaine Such wordes of coy disdaine From her: my heart hath slaine being vp to th' elbowes.

The second part. To the same tune.

ONce at a mariage feast wee dinde together, I view'd her mongst the rest though minds did seuer I feasted on her sight She would not lookes requite Yet still I tooke delight being vp to th' elbowes.

Like *Helens* is her face with Golden tresses, Which showes such splendant grace like young Narcissus Her eyes like Lampes doe shine Her lookes are so Diuine She doth my loue confine vp to the elbowes.

Her pretty Dimple Chin, Cheekes red as Cheries Her necke like Iuory thinne with Amber Berries Wast short and body tall And fingers long and small

Forst me in loue to fall

vp to the elbowes.

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LOVE'S UP TO THE ELBOWS

- 12 From wast vnto the foote compleat of nature
 None sees but still doth praise this comly creature
 Did face and mind agree
 She then would pitty me
 That by loues cruelty
 am vp to the elbowes.
- Once more Ide court this dame but am asham[ed,]
 And by my rash attempt I might be blamed
 My louing heart doth ake
 For my faire Mistris sake
 What course should louers take
 being vp to the elbowes.
- I have seene louers pine for such like crosses,
 I have seene louers die for such like losses
 But in extreames of woe
 I neeuer yet did know
 In loue, a young man so
 vp to the elbowes.
- Will man that is a man be slaued by woman
 But tis a fault in man growne too too commo[n]
 To loue, yet loue in vaine
 And be not belou'd againe
 I plungd am in loues paine
 vp to the elbowes.
- Vanish all feareful feare I wil vnto her
 Vanish al careful care for I must wooe her
 If we can wel agree
 And she can fansie me
 No longer loue shal be
 vp to the elbowes.

FIRIS.

William . . .

Printed at London for H. G.

[127]

A most sorrowful song of Banister

1, 64-65, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts, slightly torn. Very inaccurately reprinted by R. H. Evans in *Old Ballads*, III (1810), 23-29. The tune is named for the first line of Marlowe's famous lyric, and is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, 1, 213-215.

This ballad was unquestionably suggested by the tragedy of Shore's Wife which Thomas Churchyard contributed to the 1563 edition of A Mirror for Magistrates.2 Churchyard's poem was admired to a degree that now seems almost incredible. Thus as late as 1592 Thomas Nashe (Works, ed. McKerrow, 1, 309) wrote of him, "I loue you vnfainedly, and admire your aged Muse, that may well be grand-mother to our grandeloquentest Poets at this present.... Shores wife is yong, though you be stept in yeares; in her shall you liue when you are dead." But Churchyard seems to have been tormented by the thought that certain persons either were denying his authorship or were about to do so; and on various occasions he protested. In Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, he reprinted his thirty-yearold tragedy "much augmented with divers new additions," 3 explaining in his dedication that "many speak well" of the poem, that others deny him "the fathering of such a work," and that the augmented edition will show that his spirits have not failed but that his "device in age is as ripe and ready" as his "disposition and knowledge was in youth." The Mirror was re-issued in 1571, 1574, 1575, 1578, and 1587, and the ballad-writer could have become familiar with Shore's Wife in any of those editions. His indebtedness is frankly admitted in stanzas 18-30; and it is admitted more frankly still in the title of the first issue of the ballad, which is dated January 18, 1600 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 1834), when John Wolf registered it as "A mournefull songe comparatively of the miserable ende of Ban-

¹ The lyric is elaborately discussed by R. S. Forsythe in an article called "The Passionate Shepherd; and English Poetry," Publications of the Modern Language Association of America, XL (1925), 692-742.

² Hence, too, the mention of "a looking glasse" in stanza 28. See the *Mirror*, ed. Haslewood, II (1815), 461-482.

³ The additions are reprinted in Censura Literaria, II (1806), 310-317.

A MOST SORROWFUL SONG OF BANISTER

nister that betraied the duke of Buckingham his lord and master to the punishement of mystres Shore &c." Such undoubtedly was the original title, for no clerk of the Stationers' Company would have taken time to read a ballad through and change the title to fit the subject-matter. But in the reign of Charles I the Elizabethan title had less point: Churchyard himself had died in 1604, and his works were almost forgotten; the Mirror for Magistrates had reached its final Elizabethan edition in 1610; and Francis Coles (or Coules), who began to print in 1626, coming into the possession of this old ballad, re-issued it, one believes, without much change in the text but with a new title that ignores Jane Shore. As a mere guess, Coles's edition may be dated about 1630.

Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, who was betrayed to death by Humphrey Banister (Bannister, Banaster), is the subject of a tragedy in the *Mirror for Magistrates* written by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset. In the course of the poem (Haslewood's ed., 11, 353–361), Sackville represents the ghost of Buckingham as reciting the story of Banister's treachery and pronouncing on him and his family a curse which in reality summarizes their misfor-

tunes. One of the mildest passages runs:

Thou Banastaire, gainst thee I clepe and call Unto the gods, that they iust vengeaunce take On thee, thy bloud, thy stayned stocke and all: O Ioue, to thee aboue the rest I make My humble playnt, guide mee, that what I speake, May be thy will vpon this wretch to fall, On thee, Banastaire, wretch of wretches all.

Banister is mentioned also in the tragedies of Richard III which Francis Segar contributed to the 1563 edition and Richard Niccols to the 1610 edition (ed. Haslewood, 11, 388–389, 111, 798). The popularity of the *Mirror for Magistrates* and the further appearance of the Buckingham–Banister story in the pages of all the Elizabethan

chronicles made the tale common property.

The earliest historians, however, tell nothing of the calamities that followed upon Banister's treachery. Thus Polydore Vergil, in his *English History*, 1534 (ed. Henry Ellis, pp. 199, 201, Camden Society, 1844), says that "Humfrey Bannister, whether for feare or money yt is soom dowt, betrayed his guest," but gives no further details. Richard Grafton, in his continuation (1543) of *The Chronicle of Iohn Hardyng* (ed. Henry Ellis, 1812, pp. 529–530), merely observes that "Homffrey Banaster, (were it for mede, or for losyng his life and goodes,) disclosed hym [Buckingham] vnto the kynges in-

quysytours, who ymediatly tooke hym"; and this statement is repeated in the *History of King Richard III* that was included in the works of Sir Thomas More (J. R. Lumby, *More's History of King Richard III*, 1883, pp. 97, 99).

The first account I have found of Banister's misfortunes 1 is given in Edward Hall's Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Famelies of

Lancastre & Yorke, 1548 (1809 reprint, p. 395):

Homfrey Banaster (were it more for feare of losse of lyfe and goodes, or attracted and prouoked by the auaricious desire of the thousand poundes) he bewrayed his gest and master to Ihon Mitton then shriefe of shropshire... Whether this Banaster bewreyed the duke more for fear then couetous many men do doubt: but sure it is, that shortlie after he had betrayed y duke his master, his sonne and heyre waxed mad and so dyed in a bores stye, his eldest daughter of excellent beautie was sodaynelie stryken with a foule leperye, his seconde sonne very meruelously deformed of his limmes and made decrepite, his younger sonne in a small puddel was strägled & drouned, & he beyng of extreme age arraigned & foūd gyltie of a murther and by his clergye saued. And as for his thousand pound kyng Richard gaue him not one farthing, saiyng that he which would be vntrew to so good a master would be false to al other, howbeit some saie y he had a smal office or a ferme to stoppe his mouthe with al.

Hall's story is repeated almost verbatim in Richard Grafton's Chronicle, 1569 (1809 reprint, 11, 134–135), and in Holinshed's (1808 ed., 111, 418), and is substantially the same in Stow's and in every other Elizabethan chronicle that I have examined. Buckingham himself, "without arraignment or judgment," was beheaded at Salisbury

on November 2, 1483.

Where Edward Hall and his successors got their information about Banister's punishment I am unable to say. They all agree that his name was Humphrey, and all except Hall, Grafton, and Holinshed insist that he got no reward whatever from the king. From the Calendar of the Patent Rolls, 1476–1485, p. 482, however, it appears that Banister's name was Ralph and that he was amply rewarded for his treachery to Buckingham. The patent, dated at Westminster on August 15, 1484, is thus described:

Grant to the king's servant Ralph Banastre and the heirs male of his body, for his good service against the rebels, of the manor of Ealding, co. Kent, of

¹ Robert Fabyan's chronicle of 1516 barely mentions "Banaster."

A MOST SORROWFUL SONG OF BANISTER

the yearly value of 50%, to hold with knights' fees, wards, marriages, reliefs, escheats, advowsons, stews, fisheries, waters, stanks, mills, parks, woods, underwoods, liberties and commodities by knight-service and a rent of 4% yearly.

As Ralph, accordingly, his name is given in the articles on Buckingham in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and *The Encyclopædia Britannica*,

A modern historian's account may also be quoted. Sir James Ramsay, in Lancaster and York, 11 (1892), 506-507, writes:

The Duke had taken refuge with a follower, Ralph 'Banastre,' or Bannister, of Lacon Hall near Wem, who did by him as the Haryngtons, Talbots, and Tempests had done by Henry VI: that is to say, he concealed him as long as he could, and when concealment was no longer possible claimed the reward for giving him up.

In a note Ramsay points out, referring to MS. Harleian 433, fols. 37^{v} –38, as his authority, that "on the 13th December he [Banister] received Buckingham's manor of Yalding in Kent as his reward, also the Keepership of Everley Park." Since he was thus rewarded on December 13, and confirmed in his rights by a royal patent dated in the following August, the Elizabethan chroniclers are seen to have indulged in pure fable. Evidently around Banister's name song and legend quickly sprang up.

From such sources the chroniclers no less than the ballad-writers must have drawn. It is worthy of note that none of the three Banister ballads that have survived agrees exactly with the chronicles about the punishments of Banister and his family; each deals out justice, however, in an uncompromising, though a varied, fashion.

A ballad on "The Life and Death of the Great Duke of Buckingham: Who Came to an Untimely End for Consenting to the Depositing [Deposing] of Two Gallant Young Princes, King Edward the Fourth's Children. To the Tune of Shore's Wife," is preserved in Richard Johnson's Crown Garland of Golden Roses, 1612 (ed. Chappell, pp. 25-29, Percy Society, 1842), whence it was reprinted in A Collection of Old Ballads, III (1725), 38-46, and in Evans's Old Ballads, III (1810), 18-22. A late broadside copy of it is now in the Chetham Library of Manchester (Halliwell [-Phillipps], A Catalogue of

¹ Ralph Banastre is described (*Calendar*, p. 484) as 'occupier' of this manor on August 13, 1484.

Proclamations, Broadsides, Ballads, and Poems, 1851, No. 3048). Johnson thus sings of the traitor's woes:

Thus Banester was forst to beg, And crave for food with cap and leg, But none to him would bread bestow, That to his master prov'd a foe.

Thus wand'red he in poor estate, Repenting his misdeed too late, Till starved he gave up his breath, By no man pittied at his death.

To wofull ends his children came, Sore punisht for their father's shame; Within a kennell one was drown'd, Where water scarce could hide the ground.

Another, by the powers devine, Was strangely eaten up by swine; The last a woofull ending makes, By strangling in a stinking jakes.

A second ballad on this theme is preserved in *Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript*, 11, 255-259, and in Additional MS. 15, 225, fols. 13-15 (whence it is reprinted in my *Old English Ballads*, pp. 349-358). According to the Percy Folio copy, Banister's treachery had this sequel:

& then, according to his wishe, gods Iudgments did on him fall; his children were consumed quite, his goods were wasted all;

ffor one of his sones for greeffe Starke madd did fall; the other ffor sorrow drowned was within a shallow runing streame where euery man might passe.

his daugter right of bewtye bright, to such lewde liffe did ffall that shee dyed in great miserye; & thus they were wasted all.

Old Banister liued long in shame, & att the lenght did dye; & thus they Lord did plague them all ffor this his trecherye.

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Charles Aleyn, in The Historie of That wise and Fortunate Prince, Henrie of that Name the Seventh, King of England, 1638, B3, metes out justice to Banister as follows:

Th' immediate hand of Heav'n did scourge this sinne;
One sonne was drown'd, one sonne with lamenesse took:
White Leprous scales rough-cast his daughters skin
His Eldest sonne was with a madnesse strooke,
And so unfit to be an heire that he,
Had not his portion of humanitie.

The Pepysian ballad gives still another account of Banister's misfortunes, telling of a double murder which he and his wife committed and, apparently, of their suicide.

A most sorrowfull Song, setting forth the miserable end of Banister, who betraied the Duke of Buckingham, his Lord and Master.

To the tune of, Liue with me and be my loue.

- I F euer wight had cause to rue a wretched deede, vilde and vntrue, Then Banister with shame may sing, who sold his life that loued him.
- The noble Duke of Buckingham,
 his death doth make me sing this song,
 I vnto him did them thetray,
 that wrought his downfall and decay.
- 3 I him betraid, and none but I, for which I sorrow heauily: But sorrow now too late doth come, for I alone haue him vndone.
- Whose life I ought to haue preseru'd, for well of me he it deseru'd,

 That from the dust had lifted me, to honour and to dignitie.
- 5 But I these fauours did forget, when thou with danger wast beset, Good *Buckingham* thy life I sold, in hope to haue reward of gold.
- 6 From Court vnto my house is fled
 Duke Buckingham, to saue his head,
 When Richard sought to cast thee downe
 whose hand did help him to the crown.
- 7 But thou foundst treason hid in trust, for which I haue my guerdon iust: King Richard caus'd them to proclaime a thousand pound the man should gaine

² Read vnto them did him.

A MOST SORROWFUL SONG OF BANISTER

- 8 That Buckingham could first bring in, beside the fauour of the King: This gold and fauour drue my heart, to play this vild and traiterous part.
- 9 But when this Duke I had betraide, [I went to] court for to be paide, With fauour of the King and gold, cause I of Buckingham had told.
- Io But loe I found another thing,
 I was disdained of the King,
 And rated as a varlet base,
 that so betraid the good Dukes grace.
- That me so highly had preferd,
 aboue the merits I deserud
 Thus shame was all I did receiue,
 yet so the King did me not leaue.
- 12 When I with sorrow home was gone, the King soone sent a Gentleman, Whom he did bid take to himselfe, my house, my land, and all my wealth.
- 13 Then by the Kings authoritie,
 he tooke both gold and goods from me:
 My selfe, my wife, and children three,
 he turnd vs forth without pittie.
- Into the field succour to seeke,
 whilst he my house and land did keepe,
 Thus I for fauour purchast hate,
 my deed with shame I rue too late.
- 15 Yet thus my sorrows do not end, now God from heauen his scourge doth send He to my soule sends double griefe, of all my sorrowes it is chiefe.

- Cease, cease all you that doe lament,
 least you my purpose doe preuent,
 I can no iot of sorrow spare,
 for you t'expresse your wofull care.
- 17 Shame, woe, and sorrow doth belong to me, then all you do me wrong

 That make such lamentation deepe, when none but I have cause to weepe.

The second part. To the same Tune.

- Is I ane Shore, the time I knew full well, like me, you climbd, like me you fell, The Duke did me to honour bring, thou wast advanced by the King.
- Thou loud'st the King whilst he did liue,
 I vnto death the Duke did giue,
 For making then a mournefull song,
 I iustly chalenge thee of wrong.
- What though thou felst from high degree like me to end in miserie.Yet hast thou cause still to be glad, and none but I cause to be sad.
- In Court when thou hadst got high place for poore men thou didst purchase grace, And wouldst not suffer them take wrong, although their foes were nere so strong.
- 22 Thou gauest an eare to widowes crie, & wip'd the teares from Orphants eye, Thou saudst their liues by law condemnd and judgde vnto a wofull end.
- Thou mourndst when thy sweet *Edward* dide
 I vnto death the Duke betraide,
 The *Iane* why mournst thou in thy song?
 I still do challenge thee of wrong.

A MOST SORROWFUL SONG OF BANISTER

- 24 Ile giue thee comfort for thy woe, so thou thy mourning wilt forgoe, And leaue thy sad lament to me, for it belongeth not to thee.
- What though K. Richard with disgrace did cast thee from thy loftie place?
 Thy good deeds done doth spread thy fame my cursed fact claimes endlesse shame.
- 26 Cease then from mourning louely Iane, for thousands thanke thee for thy paine, Let sorrow dwell in my sad song, to whom it onely doth belong.
- Which song I sing not thee to grieue, but that thou maist my woes beleeue, This when thou hearest, thou wilt iudge, all mournefull woe with me must lodge.
- When I like thee by *Richard* was made to the world a looking glasse, All hearts with teares thy fall did rue, but all did say I had my due.
- 29 Though law did say non should thee giue some lost their liues thee to relieue, When I cride giue, men with rebuke said, not to him that sold the Duke.
- 30 Thus thou foundst friends thee to relieue but when I askt, none would me giue:
 Yea God on me a plague did send,
 my Sonnes came both to timeles end.
- 31 My eldest (first through misery)
 did hang himselfe in a pig-stie,
 Whilst ouer him we sat and mournd,
 my youngest in a ditch was drownd.
- Where we did leaue our Children dead,
 aboue the ground vnburied,
 My selfe, my Wife, and Daughter deare,
 did range the countrie far and neere.

- 33 Where ere we came to beg for neede,
 I still was rated for my deede,
 Each one denying to giue him bread,
 that sold away his masters head.
- 34 Then we returned home againe, at our owne doore to end our paine, Whilst I sought stickes to make a fire, my daughters death brought her desire.
- 35 His Seruant which my land possest, came first and found my child deceast, *Mittons* young Son my wife there kild, his fathers heart with sorrow fild,
- 36 Came forth his only sonne to view, whom I with his owne Rapier slew, And after this my Wife and I, ended our liues in miserie.
- 37 All you that here my wofull song, know this though God do suffer wrong Yet treason foule he doth abhorre, and traitors vilde he doth not spare.
- 38 Yee Christians deare blot not your fame with the disgrace of traitors name,
 Which I did carry to my graue,
 and to the worlds end shall it haue.

FIRIS.

Printed for F. Coules.

I smell a rat

1, 182-183, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

The first tune, which is known also as Upon a summer's day and Upon a summer's time, is in Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 254-255.

On the second tune see The Roxburghe Ballads, 11, 367.

Here is another ballad in which vice is attacked, this time in language that sometimes borders on indecency. The title is still a common proverb. Elizabethan instances of its use are found in *Churchyardes Charge*, 1580 (Collier's reprint, p. 30),

And when thei finde a counterfeite, Or see fine merchaunts use deseite, Thei crie a loude, Wee smell a ratte;

in The Passionate Morrice, 1593 (ed. F. J. Furnivall, p. 61, New Shakspere Society, 1876), "You smell a Foxe? I, and a ranke one too"; The Return from Parnassus, 1602 (ed. Edward Arber, p. 41), "ile say no more, gesse at my meaning, I smell a Rat"; Joshua Cooke, How a Man May Choose a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602, K4", "Ha, ha, I smell a Rat"; William Haughton, Englishmen for my Money, 1616, H4", "I smell a Ratt, it was not for nothing, that you lost me." See, further, Thomas Middleton's Blurt, Master-Constable, 1602, IV. i; Jonson's A Tale of a Tub, IV. iii, and The Case is Altered, IV. iv; James Mabbe's The Rogue, 1623 (ed. J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly, III [1924], 222), and his Celestina, 1631 (ed. H. W. Allen, p. 82).

The date of the ballad is uncertain. As a guess 1630 will do.

I Smell a Rat.

To the tune of, Vpon a Summer tide. OR, The Seminary Priest.



- Traueld farre to finde
 where honesty abides,
 And found in England more
 then all the world besides;
 But where true vertue growes,
 vice quickly ruines that:
 A poore man must not speak,
 although he Smell a Rat.
- When Iustice hath her sight, shee's beautifull in show:
 But when she Masks her face, how vild she soone doth grow;
 I doe perceiue the cause, but dare not speake of that:
 Ile not offend the Lawes, but yet I Smell a Rat.

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I SMELL A RAT

- 3 When I see welthy men,
 by worldly causes rise:
 I count them happy here,
 and truely worldly wise;
 But Folly oft makes leane,
 what Wit hath long kept fat:
 Who knowes how rich men fall?
 in troth I Smell a Rat.
- 4 Some gathers in their rents, and hordes the coine with care: Stretching their credits great, for money or for ware: When such great men do breake, what is the cause of that? In troth I dare not speake, and yet I Smell a Rat.
- 5 To see a Courtier kinde,
 is common euery hower,
 To Widdow, Wife, or Maide,
 or any in his power:
 The Husband's welcome to,
 but whats the cause of that?
 I doe not justly know,
 but yet I smell a Rat.
- 6 When luker marries wealth, how ioyfull are the twaine, On both sides wealths increase comes in with ill got gaine: This wealth comands their minds, they liue like Dog and Cat; What should the occasion be? in faith I Smell a Rat.
- 7 When rates of all things rise, within a plentious yeare: What should the occasion be, that euery thing's so deare;

Some censure rich mens faults, and some say this and that: Let al say what they will, for faith *I Smell a Rat*.

8 When Age doth marry Youth, how louingly they liue:
The want of youthfull bloud, this tender Wife doth grieue:
The old man iealous growes, occasion oft bids that:
When wealth and beauty meete, in faith I Smell a Rat.

The second Part, To the same Tune.

- Wherefore doth women paint or youngmen prune their haire? It may be tis to make, this earthly carkase faire; Yet there are causes great, are ten times worse then that: Tis beauty temptes the eye, in faith I Smell a Rat.
- When Strumpets striue by Art, and fond inticing straines,

 To bring poore youth to spend both substance, strength, & vaines:

 What sicknes followes lust?

 what pouerty brings that?

 I haue no cause to know, but yet I Smell a Rat.
- When guls and gooscaps find, the vildnes of expence: How penitent their minde, will grow for that offence:

I SMELL A RAT

But folly to such men, doth shew them what is what: I speake not all I know, but still I Smell a Rat.

- 12 To see a Whore fall sicke,
 why tis a common thing:
 A Hakney soone will tire,
 doth too much burthen bring:
 Beside, an inward griefe
 may be the cause of that,
 Let Surgions lend releefe:
 for faith I Smell a Rat.
- 13 When Seigneur Roman T,
 did goe vpright and straight:
 He crumples in the hames,
 so great's his bodies waight:
 Nay stradles twice as wide,
 what is the cause of that?
 Theres something barres his stride
 in troth I Smell a Rat.
- Why growes your Bawds so big, when Panders proue so leane:
 When they were young they sweld and nere will fall againe:
 The Panders swift on foote, and so keepes downe his fat,
 By bringing some vnto't:
 in troth I Smell a Rat.
- 15 When Officers let slip
 to punish such as these:
 Pray where doth Iustice sit,
 or railes she when she please:
 It may be she is brib'd,
 and so kept blind by that:
 Else none of these could thriue,
 in troth I Smell a Rat.

When sinne striues to surcease, and folly flies away:
Where loue and lasting peace, will make a glorious day:
When England harboures none, that beares the name of Whore, The Rat will run away, and I shall Smell no more.

FIRIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson.

70

The defence of Hyde Park

I, 197 and 347, black letter, five columns, three woodcuts. The sheet has been cut in halves. At the bottom of the first half (at page 197) Pepys wrote: "N.B—That ŷ 2ª Part of this Ballad is misplaced in Page 339," though it really appears on page 347. On the second half Pepys wrote: "N.B—That ŷ 1st Part of this Ballad is misplaced on Page 189." Here is evidence that Pepys changed his own original numbering, just as he is known to have changed the numbering of John Selden, the famous antiquary who began the collection and who is responsible for most of the ballads in volume I.

Hyde Park — until the dissolution of the monasteries the property of the monks of Westminster — was converted into a royal hunting-park by Henry VIII. It began to be a fashionable resort under Charles I, when the Ring, a circular drive, was laid out and was much frequented by the carriages of wealthy people. Crowds in the park, of course, aroused comment. This ballad is a humorous answer to those who had complained that Hyde Park was a rendezvous for people with immoral purposes. That slander, says the author, has no point, for immoral men and women will be immoral anywhere. He admits, however, that the park does countenance and protect criminals.

The date of the ballad is about 1630. The tune of When glistering

Phoebus, or The defence of Hyde Park, is not known.

The defence of *Hide Parke*, From some aspersions cast upon her Tending to her great dishonour.

To a curious new Court tune.

X7Hen glistering Phæbus, had hid his head, And horned Cinthia shined in his stead, A dulnesse that time had possest my braine, Then to a Tauerne, I straight tooke my way, Where was good Canary, as I did heare say, To put me into a pleasant vaine: And as I passed, Along in the darke, One in disgrace, Vnto my face Slandered the honesty of old Hide Parke.

What though your Courtiers appeare here in bravery,
Must it be boulster
unto their knauery,
There's private corners,
for them in the Court.
Your Ladies of the Court,
are they not neat ones,
I surely that they be,
and very feat ones.
Yet come they not hither,
to play at loues sport.

THE DEFENCE OF HYDE PARK

They can point places, if it be their minde, More fit then this, To play and kisse:
Then iudge of *Hide Parke*, no more then you finde.

What though your Ladies 3 all of the Land, Come riding hither forth of the Strand, They come out to take the ayre, and so are gone. I dare not boldly say, that they come here to play, As they passe on their way in garments rich and gay, What harme is this I pray, I can finde none, Each one hath time enough, at her owne home, For² you know what, No 2 hurt in that, They to *Hide Parke* to doo't neede neuer come.

Truth is, your Merchāts wives sometimes come hither,
Like louing little Rogues,
kindly together:
Is't not as fit for them,
as tis for many,
Their husbands give them,
a spare time for walking.
Ships are not sound they know,
without good chalking,
For in that they doe here,
I doe not know any.

* Text they.

² Text Nor, Fo.

Let not Hide Parke,
be so much scandaliz'd,
And made a bawde
To womens fraud,
You that haue done this,
be better aduis'd.

5 The honest Country Girles, sometimes resort here, Thinke not amisse of them, they make no sport here, They take more pleasure to dance ouer a greene, Or at a whitson ale, to be woo'd plainely With a true country Lad, no word spoke vainely Though in Hide Parke now and then they'l be seene, Tis nere a whit the more dishonest for them. Therefore Ile still, Say they doe ill, That doe so honest a place so condemne.

THE DEFENCE OF HYDE PARK

The second part, To the same tune.



Any brave Races, both of foote and horse, This spatious 2 place is so fit for a Course, It often inuiteth both Lords, Knights & Squires Here is the Triall for better and worse, And truth to confesse here is many a purse I'th yeare taine perforce: and (before his horse tires) Many a man is constrained to stay, Ere he passe by In courtesie, At Hide Parke Corner, a tribute to pay.

I Text scoond.

2 Text sptious.

7 Such great authority hath old *Hide parke*. And shewes such charity, to many a Sparke, He hath spent his meanes, and must maintenance haue, That she can shelter at night when tis darke, Many a Roarer and swaggering Sharke, By which she exalteth full many a knaue, Higher then hundreds, which flocking doe run, Once a month still To heare their will Which they make at their ends, neere Paddington.

It seemes confessed that Hide Parke is faulty, Of shrouding those that doe boldly assault ye, As you doe trauell along by her pale: But as for bawdery she fouly scornes, Although she includeth a number of hornes, For making of Cuckolds shee's cleare as my navles, If by chance any a foule lest doe break, Suffering the same shee's not to blame, Perhaps shee'd chide them, if that she could speake.

FIRIS.

Printed at London for H. G.

[150]

The merry forester

1, 224–225, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. The signature of Robert Guy (on whom see the notes to No. 44) indicates that the ballad appeared about 1630. For the tune of *With a fading* see

Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 234-236.

The main title of the ballad was perhaps added by the printer as more arresting than the title "Young Men and Maids," and so on. There is nothing in the text about a forester. The ditty itself is paralleled by a later ballad of "Kissing Goes by Favor," ca. 1656 (Rollins, Cavalier and Puritan, pp. 451-457), which discusses the origin of kissing:

First Adam he kist Eve, and so he got a Sonne, 'Tis above five thousand yeares agoe since kissing first begun.

Thomas Heywood, in Gunaikeion: or, Nine Bookes of Various History concerninge Women, 1624, p. 118, has another theory:

Pliny [he says] in his naturall historie, saith, That Cato was of opinion, That the vse of kissing first began betwixt kinsman and kinswoman, howso-euer neere allide or farre off, onelie by that to know whether their wiues, daughters, or neeces, had tasted any wine. . . . But kissing and drinking both are now growne (it seemes) to a greater custome amongst vs than in those dayes with the Romans: nor am I so austeare to forbid the vse of either, both which though the one in surfets, the other in adulteries, may be abused by the vicious; yet contrarilie at customarie meetings, and laudable banquets, they by the nobly disposed, and such whose hearts are fixt upon honour, may be vsed with much modestie and continence.

Guy had read Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, and Virgil's story of Dido and Aeneas, or (what is perhaps more probable) ballads or chap-books in which these tales were told. The references in stanza 4 to a romance of Alexander the Great may also have come to his attention in chap-book form. In Passus

Iv and Passus v of the Middle English Wars of Alexander there is an account of how King Philip tired of Queen Olympias and took another wife, Cleopatra; how Alexander, on discovering her presence, drove Cleopatra from the palace; and how the Macedonian prince, Pausanias, who had long loved Olympias, rebelled against Philip, killed him, and was immediately thereafter killed by Alexander.

THE MERRY FORESTER

The merry Forrester.

Poung men and maides, in Country or in City, I crave your aides with me to tune this Ditty, Both new, and true it is, no harme in this is, But is composed of the word cald, kisses. Det meant by none abroad loves to be gadding, It goes but the tune of: With a fadding.

- I OF late I chanst to be where I did view an object worth delighting, Downe in a valley I did espy dame Venus with Adonis fighting for kisses.
- 2 And looking about a little aside,
 downe in a Thicket adorn'd with Roses,

 **Eneas* with Queene Dido I spide,
 where they did take their sweet reposes,
 with kisses.
- 3 Thought I, this sexe is wondrous kind,
 when Kings will venture their chiefest treasure,
 If they can but find one, vnto their mind,
 who can content them with the sweet pleasure
 of kisses.
- 4 For *Philip* Macedonian King had not beene by *Pausenna* killed, Had not *Olympa* thought of a thing, that he faire *Cleopatra* willed to kisse him.
- 5 Nor louely Hero had not come to that apparant eminent danger, If with desire she had not showne the Hellispont to her Leander for kisses.

- 6 The Merchant for his Mistris sake doth life & limbs, and goods aduenture, If she on his loue and labours approue, he doubtles will in dangers enter for kisses.
- 7 Of gold as drosse he but esteemes to gaine her loue and true affection, For vnto him, a matchlesse Iem and Iewell rare, his hearts election for kissing.
- 8 The neat and handsome Seruingman a clownish mind he scornes to carry, His master dead, his mistris than gives her consent with him to marry for kissing.
- 9 The Country Swaine, that goes to the plowe at wedings thinks himselfe much graced, If his sweet-heart will take his part to dance with him, or be embraced with kissing.
- What Duke, what Earle, what Lord, what Knight in all this Land, but loues to be doing,
 If they but meet with beauties are bright, but will begin their amourous woing, with kissing?

The second part, to the same tune.

- I Know no Country Gentleman,
 that hath but any good fashion or breeding,
 But he will endeauour, or doe what he can,
 to haue a smug Lasse thats of his own seeding,
 for kissing.
- Thus kissing is an ancient thing, and gives content to many a Madam In louing sort, City or Country:

 Eue was the first beloued of Adam, for kissing.

THE MERRY FORESTER

- When friends with one another meete, it is a courtesie thats common,
 In house, in field, or in the streete,
 most louingly to salute a woman with kissing.
- The Court thats cal'd the Commissary,
 doth punish with pennance that same pleasure,
 And yet in their woing, yongmen will be doing,
 still kindnes shewing their owne sweethearts
 with kisses.
- 15 Kissing it giues no offence, nor danger brings to one or other: For suche vertuous sects that are, the sister will salute the brother with kissing.
- When discontent twixt man and wife,
 doth cause them one fall out with another,
 The onely meanes to make them friends,
 and silently their grieues to smoother,
 is kissing.
- 17 The hardy Soldier stout and strong, that honour gaines himselfe by fighting, In time of peace his ioyes increase, he in 2 his mistris takes delight in, for kissing.
- The beauteous girles that portions lacke, oft times rich husbands kind and louing, Doe them respect and still affect, their beauties are so bright and mouing in kissing.
- The aged man of three-score yeeres, oft takes to wife a girle of twenty,

 The cause whereof you may suppose,
 which makes³ him take this girle so dainty,
 is kissing.

1 Read there.

² Omit.

3 Text make.

- And widdowes many times doo dote,
 respecting not a pin their treasure,
 But marrie with Lads haue neuer a groat,
 because in them they finde sweet pleasure,
 in kissing.
- 21 Thus kissing is an ancient thing, and gives content to many a Madam, Many delightfull things it doth bring.

 Eue was the first beloued of Adam for kissing.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

By Robert Guy. Jinis.

I Text thing.

A pleasant song of a maiden fair

1, 244-245, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts. The sheet is

slightly torn, but the text is scarcely injured.

This doleful ditty tells — of course as a warning to maids of both city and country — of a foolish maiden who was seduced and deprived of her money by a worthless young fellow, "the which she called her dearest honey." The author speaks of it (stanza 23) as a "merry ditty," and possibly the adjective signifies that he did not intend his moral to be taken too seriously.

The new tune of All hail to thee seems to be unknown, and there is no evidence for the date of the ballad. As a mere guess, it is assumed

to be about 1630.

Here begins a pleasant song of a Mayden faire, To purchase her desire, her Coine she did not spare, And shee most freely parted with her money To a Youngman, the which shee call'd her dearest Honey.

To a pleasant new tune.

- ALL haile to thee my onely sweeting,
 I thinke this is a happy meeting:
 I long desired to see my dearest honey,
 Thy company is better farre than money.
- 2 Kind Mistresse I am your debtor,
 And hang me if I proue a fleeter,
 I will remaine your deare and onely honey
 I loue your company, and I loue your money.
- 3 I haue fiue hundred pound, I know it, On thee my sweeting I will bestow it, Because I take thee as my dearest honey, Good company is better farre than money.
- 4 It ioyes my heart to heare your motion,
 Fiue hundred pounds is a good portion,
 I will remaine your onely sweet and honey,
 Yet I desire to see this summe of money.
- 5 Then walke with me to yonder mountaine, Where money flowes like to a fountaine, Thou shalt not want for meanes my deerest hony Good company is better farre than money.
- 6 Then let vs goe as thou hast spoken,
 Ile take thy fauour as a token,
 I loue thee as my deare, my sweet, my honey,
 Thy company is good and so is money.
- 7 Then let vs now no longer tarry,
 But goe vnto the Church and marry,
 Looke here is gold and siluer store my honey,
 But company is better farre than money.

A PLEASANT SONG OF A MAIDEN FAIR

- 8 Sweet heart, I freely yeeld vnto it,
 The Priest and Clearke will quickely doe it:
 Yet there's no hast, my dearest honey,
 Thou hast my company and I thy money.
- 9 For money thou shalt haue it plentie,
 If thou lacke one pound, Ile fetch thee twenty,
 Because thou callest me thy dearest honey,
 Good company is better farre than money.
- Oh that is spoken very kindly,
 I know thy minde, Ile fit thee finely,
 I will continue still thy dearest honey,
 I loue thee well, and so I doe thy money.
- II My Boy, Ile haue thee of the fashion,
 It will be for thy commendation.
 Thou shalt haue gallant sutes, my dearest honey,
 And with the brauest thou shalt spend thy mony.
- 12 Sweet heart I want a gallant Gelding,
 That to my pleasure may be yeelding,
 And with the brauest he, Ile roare and swagger,
 So long vntill I cannot goe but stagger.

The second part, To the same tune.

- Thou shalt have what thou wilt require,
 For to fulfill thy hearts desire,
 Thou shalt not want for any thing my honey,
 Good company is better farre than money.
- 14 Now I must here declare my Ditty, To all, both Countrey, Towne, and Citie, Of a youngman and his deare onely honey, And how he spent away his Lasses money.
- Giue roome, here comes our new sprung gallant
 For to deuoure his wenches talant,
 He hauing got the treasure of his honey,
 He brauely fals to spending of her money.

- 16 Come Vintner bring's both Sacke and Claret, And for the rest I will not spare it, I have a Lasse that cals me her deare honey, She loues my company and I loue her money.
- Come on my Blades, be blith, and merry,
 Wee'l haue a quart or two of Sherry,
 Drinke round about, and I will pledge my hony
 Because she 'llowes me alwaies store of money.
- 18 Thus he continues in his pleasure,
 And she repents her selfe at leasure,
 Her treasure being wasted on her honey,
 She wish'd that she had wisely kept her money.
- 19 His company she now repenteth,
 And to some other shee relenteth,
 Complayning alwayes of her dearest honey,
 And sayes that shee hath spent away her money.
- 20 Nay more she sayes, he stole a Iewell, And for the same she holds him cruell, Her mayden-head departed with her money, Thus was she coozened with her onely honey.
- 21 He gaue her earnest on condition,
 But it is now a great suspition,
 That she doth now repent her former bargaine
 Her belly is a token of regarding.
- 22 All you that doe delight in pleasure,
 You see what followeth at leasure,
 This youngman coozened his dearest honey,
 Thus company doth cause the want of money.
- And thus to end my merry Dittie,
 Here's many Lasses in Towne and Citie,
 That do complaine likewise of their sweet hony,
 And say they lost their company and money.

A PLEASANT SONG OF A MAIDEN FAIR

All you young Maydes, by me be warned,
Lest you by false youngmen be harmed:
Be careful in the choosing of your honey,
Vnlesse you lose your mayden-heads and mony.

Finis.

London, Printed for Henry Gosson.

A wench for a weaver

1, 252-253, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

In the following dialogue — which changes unexpectedly in stanza 2 from the first to the third person — the maid refuses her love to a weaver because, as the saying goes, "to be a weaver's wife is to live poor." If you can disprove that proverb, says she, I'll marry you. Thereupon the man undertakes a defence of his trade: Fortune, he asserts, has pulled weavers down from the high estate they once held. At the end of his argument the maid, presumably, is convinced and agrees to marry him.

In stanza 10 Thomas Neale — who may himself have been a member of the craft — remarks that once upon a time the weavers had great houses in Canning (Candlewick) Street, now known as Cannon Street, a statement that is supported by Stow's Survey of

London, 1599, p. 171:

There dwelled also of olde time divers Weauers of woollen clothes, brought in by *Edward* the third.... These Weauers of *Candlewright* street being in short time worne out, their place is now possessed by rich Drapers sellers of woollen cloth, &c.

Stow further remarks (p. 226) that the Weavers' Hall was in 1599 (as it is at the present time) in Basinghall Street, and that the "Companie hath been of great antiquitie in this Citie, as appeareth by a

Charter of *Henry* the second."

In stanza II an allusion is made to Thomas Deloney's Jack of Newbury, a novel written in 1597. Deloney, in chapter II, tells how Jack had in one room two hundred looms at which two hundred men were engaged, and in adjoining rooms three hundred female workers, as well as fifty shearmen and various other employees. Perhaps Neale confused the two hundred and fifty looms with the "two hundred and fifty men prepared for the warre at his owne cost against the king of Scots" whom Jack brought to Queen Katharine. The weaver-king of stanza I4 may have been suggested by chapter v, in which Deloney speaks of "Aelius Pertinax, sometime Emperour of Rome, yet

A WENCH FOR A WEAVER

was his father but a Weauer," and of "Marcus Aurelius, whom euery age honoureth . . . vet was he but a Cloth-weauers son."

Francis Coles began to print in 1626. Hence the date of the ballad may be assumed to be about 1630. The tune of *Hang up my shuttle* is derived from the refrain of "The Weauers Shuttle, or a Loue-Song made by a Prentise of London, that loued a yong Gentlewoman in the countrey, doubting of her constancy. To the tune of, Riding to Rumford," a ballad preserved in Richard Johnson's *Golden Garland of Princely Pleasures and Delicate Delights*, 1620, F6-F7. For further comments on it see the notes to No. 23.

A Clench for a VVeauer. A Clench for a Cleauer here you shall finde, In defending his trade brought her to his minde.

To the tune of hang op my Shuttle

The Weauer.

- I T chanced on a day,
 as I was walking,
 In the pleasant Month of May,
 with my Loue talking:
 Most friendly arme in arme,
 the weather being warme,
 I sware I thought no harme,
 as I am a weauer.
- 2 The substance of my speech,
 as we were going,
 Was I did this maid beseech,
 my request in wooing
 Grant me thy loue quoth he,
 or one sweet smile from thee,
 Say walking vnto me,
 thou bonny weauer.

The Maid.

- 3 The Maiden then replide,
 sure you are but iesting,
 You needs must be denide,
 of your requesting.
 Without you can declare
 your wits then doe not spare,
 How Ise liue out of care,
 you being a weauer.
- 4 For the common speech is rife, that Ile implore

 To be a Weauers wife is to liue poore.

A WENCH FOR A WEAVER

Then cleere but you this case, why a Weauer is counted base, Then you I will imbrace, none like a weauer.

The Weauer.

- My owne true loue and deare, since we came hither,
 These slanderous words Ile cleere, lets goe together.
 If the Barke from the Tree you pill, the root you needs must kill,
 So through husbands that are ill, disgract are weauers.
- 6 Yet there are more as well as wee, that haue disgraces,
 As you may plainly see in diuers places.
 For the richest of you all, if your meanes begin to fall,
 Then your trades worse then all, as well as weauers.

The Maid.

- 7 Then I see tis pouerty
 that breeds thy slander:
 Yet I have heard of thee
 thou hast beene Commander.
 Tho gone now are those dayes,
 and other beares the swayes,
 Yet thou hast had the praise
 none like a weaver.
- 8 Seeing thou hast resolued me of what I asked: All the world plaine may * see you are vainly taxed.

I Text man.

Yet show me the ground of all, and how you first did fall. That I may speake of all, in praise of weauers.

The second part. To the same tune.

The Weauer.

- 9 MY Loue at thy request,
 thou shalt command me:
 For why I loue thee best,
 then vnderstand me.
 Fortune sometimes frownes,
 he raiseth and pulleth downe
 As well Cities as Townes,
 then why not weauers.
- Canning Street you know,
 where cloth is selling:
 Weauers haue made like show
 in their houses dwelling.
 Tho they be gone and dead,
 and Drapers crept in stead,
 Yet I heard and read,
 there dwelt braue weauers.
- II Iacke of Nuberie,
 tho he be dead and rotten,
 Of Weauers famde was he,
 he shou'd not be forgotten.
 Two hundred and fifty loomes
 to maintaine he presumes,
 That honoreth now the tombes
 of worthy weauers.
- 12 Cheapside amongst the rest shall not be forgotten, There are some that make iests, to see them broken.

A WENCH FOR A WEAVER

It is silke-men that doe breake, they cannot hold they are so weake, And more would go to racke, were't not for weauers.

- 13 Be not so proud in heart,
 although you flourish,
 Giue Weauers due desart,
 for we doe them nourish.
 A Weauer they cannot want,
 if they should their hart would pant
 And they would feele more want:
 then loue a weauer.
- Is write more then is my share
 I should be sorry:
 The truth I will not spare,
 I haue read a story
 Of a Weauer that was a King,
 whose fame through the world did ring,
 Which makes me merily sing
 speake well of weauers.
- In those Golden dayes,
 weauers had pleasure:
 None like them then had prayse,
 they gained much treasure.
 Weauing did so excell,
 none like them did so well:
 Of all trades they bare the bell,
 speake well of weauers.
- If any offended be
 at this my writing,
 That no eloquence he see
 in my inditing:
 Pardon me for this time,
 though simply now I rime,
 For here I meane to clime
 in praise of weauers.

17 Thus here I end my song,
and eke my story,
I hope I haue done no wrong,
if I haue I am sorie.
Then how sayst thou my loue,
my constant hart then proue:
From thee Ile neuer moue,
then loue a Weauer.

FIRIS.

Tho: Neale.

Printed at London for F. Coules.

74

The married woman's case

1, 410-411, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. The sheet is badly mutilated, only a few words of the second and third stanzas

(which are here omitted) remaining.

From the name of the tune it seems probable that Martin Parker had written a ballad called "The Married Man's Case" before "The Married Woman's Case." He was very fond of preserving neutrality, as it were, in this fashion, as I have shown in *A Pepysian Garland*, pp. 309, 332. What was evidently a similar ballad, "The Married Womans moane," was licensed to Thomas Lambert on February 7, 1638 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1679). "The Married Mans mone" had been registered on June 18, 1636 (*ibid.*, No. 1676).

The date of this strange news about marriage may be assumed to be about 1630. The ballad is worth reprinting because it is from the pen of Martin Parker (cf. No. 36). The movement of the stanzas shows that *The married man's case* was identical, or at least interchangeable, with *It's better late thrive than never*, a tune discussed in

the notes to No. 63.

The Married-womans Case:

OR

Good Counsell to Mayds, to be carefull of hastie Marriage, by the example of other Married-women.

To the tune of The Married-mans Case.

- I You Maidens all, that are willing to wed, before you are well aduised,
 Make not too much haste to the mariage bed,
 lest the sheetes be too dearely prized:
 [Be] sure to try before you doe trust,
 [Too] many loue not but only for lust;
 [And] make their poore wiues to leape at a crust:
 [And t]hus lives a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd,
 [Thus li]ues a poore woman that's marry'd.
- A woman that marries a quarelling Coxcombe, hath cause enough to distaste her:

 For when to the Alehouse he bringeth a Fox home, hee'l finde some occasion to baste her:

 She seldome shall goe without her face blacke,
 She shall not want blowes, though vitle she lacke,
 Although from a man hee'l perhaps turne his backe:

 And thus liues a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd,
 Thus liues a poore woman that's marry'd.
- 5 Not only at home hee's giuen to quarrell,
 but also in other places:
 Where now and then, to his wonderfull peril,
 he meetes with knocks and disgraces;
 And then his poore wife his Surgeon must bee,
 To cure his infirmities ready is shee;
 Yet for her endeauour ingratefull is hee:
 And thus liues a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd,
 Thus liues a poore woman that's marry'd.

Text that. Two stanzas are missing after this stanza.

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S CASE

6 A woman that to a whore-monger is wed, is in a most desperate case:
She scarce dares performe her duty in bed, with one of condition so base:
For sometimes hee's bitten with Turnbull-street Fleas, The Pox, or some other infectious disease;
And yet, to her perill, his mind she must please:

Oh, thus lives a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd,
Thus lives a poore woman that's marry'd.

The second part, To the same tune.

- A Woman that marries a drunken sot, must looke for no competent liuing;
 For he all the day will sit at the Pot, and neuer takes thought for thriuing:
 From Alehouse to Alehouse all day he will rome,
 While she sits with bread and faire water at home;
 What-euer he gets, he giueth her none:

 And thus liues a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd,
 Thus liues a poore woman that's marry'd.
- 8 And if she haue children, her griefe is the more, to heare them complaine for vittle,
 While their wretched father ith' Alehouse doth rore, and thinketh their want but little:
 Too many such husbands there be, the Lord knowes, That will haue good liquor, how ere the world goes:
 But she that has such a one, needs no more woes:
 Yet thus liues a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd.
 Oh, thus liues a woman that's marry'd.
- A woman that is to a gamster espoused,
 her case is to be lamented:
 For he from his gaming can hardly be rouzed,
 by any meanes can be inuented:

Hee's either at Slidethrifth, at Tables or Dice, Where while he sits wishing for Kator and Size, His money consumeth away with a thrice:

And thus lives a woman that's marry'd, is marry'd.

Oh, thus lives a woman that's marry'd.

- As long as his purse with monies is lin'd,
 he neuer has power to giue ouer;
 And if he haue lost, tis still in his mind,
 that he shall his losses recouer:
 And thus night and day with vaine folly hees led
 And wasts what should maintain his houshold with bread,
 Who oft are constrain'd to goe fasting to bed.
 And thus liues a woman that's marry'd, &c.
- A woman who's ty'de to a iealous asse, is a slaue to his doubtfull condition:
 She hardly dares looke any man in the face, but still it produceth suspition;
 He marketh her steps with so watchfull an eye:
 And though she all basenesse doth scorne and defie
 Yet he dreams of hornes, when he knowes no cause why:
 And thus liues a woman that's marry'd, &c.
- 12 And thus it is difficult, doe what you can,
 a perfect good husband to light on:
 Then let no faire Maiden be in loue with a man
 that she hath but onely set sight on:
 For marriage must not be accounted a toy,
 One houre brings much sorrowes or ioy:
 Then do not (sweet Damsels) your fortunes [destroy]
 By being too hasty of marriage, of marriage,
 Thinke first how to line when y'are marry'd.
- 13 And thus Ile conclude, as I began, with this friendly admonition:

 Let no woman heedlesly marry a man, before she has tride his condition:

¹ The first part of this word is so blurred as to be very doubtful.

THE MARRIED WOMAN'S CASE

For time will bring euery action to view, And try whether Louers be faithlesse or true: And thus, gentle Maidens I bid you Adieu; Desiring you well to be marry'd, be marry'd, Or else may you neuer be marry'd.

Finis.

M.P.

London Printed for H. G.

Four witty gossips

1, 436-437, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

The date of the ballad, which Henry Gosson printed, is about 1630. The tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music*, 1, 306, 356-357, 375-376. The ballad from which it was named is not known, but evidently it appeared about the same time as "The father beguild his sonne" and "The sonne beguils the Father," which were registered in June, 1629, and July, 1630 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, Nos.

872, 2480).

In refreshing contrast to the usual "good-fellow ballads" (e.g., Nos. 42, 61) is this tuneful ditty in which the "good fellows" are married women. A group of "four witty gossips" meet on market-day at the Feather Tavern, and go in to drink a cup of sherry. There they spend most of the day "in merriment and laughing." Their shot comes to more than twelve shillings, their money collectively reaches only ten, and they make up the difference by pawning some of their personal possessions. Then in the last stanza they "conclude this song, this morning very early," because the author had forgotten that he really meant "this afternoon very late."

The ballad has some points of resemblance to Samuel Rowlands's satire, A whole crew of kind Gossips, all met to be merry (1609), in which six wives meet to drink and to discuss their husbands; but the ballad is more poetical and better fun than Rowlands's heroic verse. It resembles, also, W. P.'s The Gossips Greeting: Or, A New Discourry of such Females meeting, 1620, a satire dedicated "To the Proud Peevish, Paultry, Pernitious shee-pot companions, those curious, carelesse, crafty, carping curtizanicall Gossips," which declares (sig.

Biv) that

Few Alehouses or Tauerns of resort, But of these Gossips can at large report.

Almost exactly like it is a ballad in the Manchester Free Reference Library collection (11, 6; cf. Roxburghe Ballads, VIII, 799), "The Gossips Feast; Or, A Merry Meeting of Woman-kind," of the date 1635. According to the Induction to Ben Jonson's Staple of News (1625), "It's merry when gossips meet" was a common proverb.

FOUR WITTY GOSSIPS

Fowre wittie Gossips disposed to be merry Refused muddy Ale, to drinke a cup of Sherrie.

Their Husbands did their Iudgements spend strong Ale was best who did intend to try it. Their Wives reply to euery man that Sacke is best and no man can deny it.

To the tune of the Mother beguilde the Daughter.

- There was fowre pleasant wives of late, did purpose to be merry:

 And each for other laid in waite to drinke a cup of sherrie,

 The time was on a market day the place was at the feather,

 To drinke and passe the time away they all consent together,

 Wee will not depart,

 weell drinke a quart

 of Sacke to make vs merry.

 Your Barlie broth fild vp with froth,

 is nothing like old sherrie.
- 2 Each one did in her basket bring a daintie bit to relish

 A cup of Sacke, which is a thing doth man and woman cherish:

 Our husbands made a match last night to tast the oyle of barlie,

 But now weell shew to them a sleight for going to bed so early,

 We will not depart, &c.
- 3 Now let us call our liquor in, and brauely we will drinke it, In good old sacke we will beginne, a health whilst now we thinke it:

Wee mean vnto those drowsie sots, that loue the oyle of Barlie:
And all last night did tosse the pots, vntill the morning early,
Wee will not depart &c.

- 4 But little does our husbands thinke, if that they bee awaking,
 That in good sack their healths to drinke what paines that wee are taking:
 And shee that pledges drinke it vp to them that sleepeth soundly:
 Let euery woman haue her cup, of sacke and drinke it roundly,
 Wee will not depart,
 weele drinke a quart, &c.
- 5 So let the health goe round about, this day weell take our pleasure:
 Our husbands were last night all out, and weell goe home by leasure?
 For sack and suger let vs ioyne, you see it is cold weather?
 And blithly let vs spend our coine, wee seldome meet together,
 Wee will not depart &c.
- 6 Our husbands home did make small hast, all night vntill the morning:
 But if we had not all been chaste, they well might feare the horning:
 But why doe they this Ale commend, which being thicke is loathsome?
 But rather should their money spend in sack so pure and wholsome,
 Wee will not depart &c.
- 7 Which being cleare, doth cleare the blood, and make old women merry:
 And sure their iudgements are not good that discommends old sherrie,

FOUR WITTY GOSSIPS

If our opinions doe not fayle?
a quart twelue cups containeth,
Its cheaper then a dozen of ale,
where froth and snuffes remaineth:
Wee will not depart &c.

The second part. To the same tune.

- They are but Clownes and doe not know, the quintessence of Sherrie,
 Their iudgements can no further goe, then Ale, or Beare, or Perry:
 These homebred guls cannot define from whence this wine proceedeth,
 Nor what is meant by Grapes or Wine their ignorance exceedeth.

 Wee will not depart &c.
- 9 Such idle malt wormes do deuoure, more corne in oyle of barlie,
 Then we in Sacke and ten times more though we drinke late and early:
 Our husbands haue no wit to drinke good Wine, nor how to vse it?
 But swill it vp like beare they thinke or ale and so abuse it,
 Wee will not depart &c.
- in merriment and laughing:
 Their husbands to the Tauern sent yet could not find them quaffing,
 The younger wives did weep for feare their husbands would abuse them:
 Quoth mother *Ioane* be of good cheere and said she would excuse them.

 wee will not depart &c.

- This old wife was somewhat stout and so also was Bridget?
 They swoare two cups should goe about and euery one should pledge it:
 This good old wench begun the round to many that was weeping
 Yet Mall did stoutly stand her ground, and drunke to Nel a sleeping,
 Wee will not depart, &c.
- 12 Nel pledg'd the round almost awake the Sack shee much commended:
 Which vnto Bridget she did take, and so the health was ended:
 Then to the Drawer they did call: to know what was the skore,
 Twelue shillings quoth he there is in all besides a quart before:
 Wee will not depart &c.
- 13 Old Iane begun the shot to take,
 each one lay downe their store,
 And iust ten shillings they did make,
 and not one farding more:
 Here take your money said old Iane
 wee haue no more about vs:
 Giues one quart more, weell come againe
 you need not for to doubt vs,
 Wee will not depart &c.
- 14 Here is my girdle for a pawne and Mall leaue you your Bodkin, And Bridget leaue your peice of Lawen, weell pay him to a dodkin, And Nell her siluer Thimble too, because weell goe together, To try what our good men will doe till wee meet at the feather, Thus will wee depart, with this last quart, &c.

FOUR WITTY GOSSIPS

15 But men doe thinke they are all wit,
yet some doe proue but noddies,
That drinking ale all night doe sit
like wash-tubs makes their bodies:
When they may drink Sacke pure and strong
as cheape as oyle of barlie:
And so we doe conclude this song,
this morning very early,
Wee will not depart
weell drinke a quart,
of Sack which makes vs merry,
Your Barlie broth fild vp with froth,
is nothing like your Sherrie.

FIRIS.

London Printed for H. G.

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The new soho

1, 462-463, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

The lines of this ballad are vague throughout, oftentimes meaningless; but they have an agreeable sound, on which, perhaps, the author rested his claims, rather than on thought or intelligibility. R. B. was probably Robert Bird, whose printing dates were approximately 1621–1638. A date of 1630 may be assumed for this broadside. It was apparently re-entered by Francis Grove on October 13, 1657 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1903), as "The new So Ho, or the lovers masque."

A soho (cf. No. 66, stanza 17) is a cry, or call, uttered to attract someone's attention.

THE NEW SOHO

A Pleasant new Ditty called the new, So Ho.

To a pleasant new Tune.

- Ome let our sports with our songs be renownd, vnto the ample fieldes:
 Our cups in the bloud of Neptune be drowned
 That merry Nectar yeelds,
 Graced be the Sun, as he
 Salutes the modest Morne,
 when he leaues the earth below:
 And the grace to the starres in chace,
 That with him were borne,
 To a new so ho, so ho.
- Health to the Muse and the Queenes of the Fountains, that our delights befriend:

 Fortune to pan, and the Nimphs of the Mountaines, that our Flockes defend

 Life and blood to the Cipresse wood,

 That was a hunter young:

 when he first in Groues did grow.

 And a shower, to the Purple Flower,

 That from Adonis sprung,

 When he sight his last so ho, so ho.
- 3 If that the Lord of Olympus had ever hunting truely knowne,
 Ioue in the Bed of his Mistris had never iniury done vnto none,
 Tryton ould, to the foyled mould,
 Would the wanton Dolphin straine,
 and the toyle soone did forgoe:
 And the said, ould timelesse God,
 Recall past howers againe,
 To a new so ho, so ho.
- 4 Oft would it cost iolly *Hermis* a iourney to run ouer the race:

 Mars in his course would as well in a turney win *Zepharies* grace:

Smiles of Lampse ^x with horses houes:
Shodde with a golden Pen,
would amaze the earth below:
And the Boy, doth oft ioy,
To shake his nimble heeles,
To a new so ho, so ho.

- 5 Man to himselfe, like a woman delighted, is to himselfe a foe:
 Cold he that loues, with the shade shal be frighted and out of wealth drinke woe,
 He that pleasure loues with measure,
 Liues with a friend combind,
 and effects no glistring show:
 He drinkes in the Hornes Vnicornes,
 And daily feastes his mind,
 To a new so ho, so ho.
- 6 Slaues to the World, shall be washt with the Billowes, of eternall Care:

 Seruile to Loue shall be crownd with the willowes, of deceitfull feare,

 Tunes his mones to dumpish Drones,

 And ² a ielous life consumed,

 in the song and sighes of woe:

 While away, we spend the day,

 With a lusty Pæan tune:

 To a new so ho, so ho.

The second part. To the same tune.

7 H Eroes beloued kinde Leander, had his delight been woods,
Then should his life haue felt no danger,
in Helespontus flouds

¹ Possibly intended for Lampetia, daughter of Helios, who pastured the cattle of the Sun.

² Text An.

THE NEW SOHO

Didoes heart by Cupids dart
Had not burned so with fire,
as louers vse to doe:
Wofull Queene that still was seene
Consuming with desire,
To a new so ho, so ho.

- 8 Oh then what Angels " were fare women, if Angels " could not buy them,
 Their beauties that be both bright and golden, drawes too many nye them,
 Fayned cryes shewes in their eyes,
 Like Aprill springing showers,
 that fancie weeds might grow,
 Foolish then we loue sicke men,
 That haue no seeing powers,
 To leave their new so ho, &c.
- 9 Youth if it was with age aduised, women weare no woes to men, The world then Deuine and purely prized, would be Paradise agen, Bewties booke if we ore looke, The leaues we shall finde torne, and the mergent fild with woe, Youths delight so faire and bright A moments time hath worne, To a new so ho, so ho.
- All our desiers are fading pleasuers, and but minuts of content,
 Resting with vs lik wasting treasures, no sooner gaind but spent,
 Years of sorrow, we still borrow,
 But for one minets ioy,
 returning tribble woe:
 Delightfull bubles, change to troubles
 To feede vs with annoy,
 To a new so ho, so ho.

A pun. The second angels are coins.

Man by his shape is the stampe of heauen plast on the earth as King,
The world vnto him for a Court is giuen to rule each liuing thing:
Bewties blazing is our gazing,
That sweete beloued tree,
where fading follies grow,
A winding sheete and Coffin meete,
More fitter for vs be,
Then the new so ho, so ho.

FIRIS.

At London printed by R. B.

A whetstone for liars

1, 466-467, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The first couplet is a variation of a proverb, "From Berwick to Dover Three hundred miles over" (W. C. Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, 1869, p. 138), which is apparently referred to in the Prologue (lines 692–693) of *The Canterbury Tales*:

But of his craft, fro Berwik into Ware, Ne was ther swich another pardoner.

The title of the ballad, too, has a proverbial cast. For an early example see Richard Hill's Songs, ca. 1536 (ed. Anglia, xxvi, 270; ed. R. Dyboski, p. 110, Early English Text Society, 1907), where one of the songs has the refrain, "I will have the whetston & I may." Compare also A short Answere to the boke called: Beware the Cat, 1561 (Huth and Hazlitt, Fugitive Tracts, 1st series, 1875, No. XIX), "he musing all alone Devised by what meanes: he might win the whetstone"; W. P., Foure great Lyers, striving who shall win the Silver-Whetstone, 1580; Lyly, Euphues and his England, 1580 (Works, ed. R. W. Bond, 11, 24), "If I met with one of Creete, I was ready to lye with him for the whetstone." The title and the proverb are due to the fact that slanderers and liars were sometimes pilloried with a whetstone fastened to them. Hence the balladist tells the most sensational "lies" as if he were contending for a place in the pillory. In stanza 6 he declares that he can eat at a mouthful as much food as would have sustained Gargantua for a year. Inasmuch as Rabelais (Oeuvres, book I, chapter vii) tells us that it required 17,913 cows to supply Gargantua, as a babe in arms, with milk, the traveller's lie is worthy of an especially large whetstone.

In connection with stanza 2 it should be pointed out that Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester (1391–1447), a son of Henry IV, was by a "vulgar error" supposed to be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, though actually he was interred in St. Albans Abbey. The aisle adjoining his

¹ See The Journal of American Folk-Lore, XXXIX (1926), 196-197, where Professor G. L. Kittredge enumerates various instances, one of which occurred in London in 1382.

supposititious tomb was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, and the Elizabethan proverb, "to dine with Duke Humphrey," was applied to impecunious persons who loitered there dinnerless. Thus *The Discovery of the Knights of the Post*, 1597, C4*, says of false swearers, "And through wante of meate many times they walke out their dinner in Duke *Humfrey* his Allie, or else fetch a sleepe vnder a pillar in Powles, onely to beguile hunger"; while *Conceits*, *Clinches*, *Flashes*, and Whimzies, 1639, sig. D* (ed. Halliwell-Phillipps, 1860, p. 20), informs us, "One said that Duke *Humfrey's* guests were the most temperate men in the world, it being known that at his Table there was never any made drunke, nor with his dyet dyed of a surfet."

Francis Grove registered his first work in July, 1623. Hence to date the ballad about 1630 cannot be far wrong. I do not know the tune.

A WHETSTONE FOR LIARS

A Whetstone for Lyers. A Song of strange wonders, believe them, if you wil, As true as some Stories that Travellers tell.

To the Tune of With a Tricke that I have.





I Rom Barwicke to Douer,
Ten thousand times ouer,
I truely haue traueld
ten times in a day:
From the top of Pauls Steeple,
In the sight of all people,
To throw my selfe headlong
I hold but a toy.

From the top of Westminster,
To the middest of Cheape,
I skipt or'e the houses
at one standing Leape:
From thence vnto Greenewitch,
In the sight of many,
I bounst o're the Barges,
yet neuer toucht any.

- From off *Richmond* Castle, Nine miles into Scotland, Ile run in a morning at one breathing course: Ile march in a minute From Norway to Gothland, And ne'r be beholding to th' helpe of a Horse: Ile dine at Duke Humphreyes To day at high noone, And the next night at supper Ile meete you at Roome: He trauel the World, To what place you can name, And neuer crosse Riuer till I come at the same.
- As well as on dry Land,
 Without being carry'd
 in Barge, Ship, or Boat:
 Ile goe at a high Tide
 'Twixt London and Grauesend,
 As swift as a Wherry
 I finely can flote:
 And then without danger
 Ile passe Yarmouth sand,
 And brauely and safely
 at Plimouth Ile Land:

A WHETSTONE FOR LIARS

Ile goe on a Message Vnto the great Turke, Ith' morne; and at night Ile be heere hard at worke.

The second part. To the same tune.

- A LL naked in Winter,
 Ile swim hence to Green-lād,
 To Russia, Polony,
 to Denmarke or Freeze,
 And oft in a humour
 To Holland that fine Land,
 I run, and come backe,
 yet no man me sees.
 I haue on a sudden
 Swom ouer to Spaine,
 At midnight, and heere
 in the morning againe.
 All this haue I done,
 As for truth may appeare,
 And more then all this,
 as you after shall heare.
- I likewise haue studied The learned vocation. To see how the Starres and the Planets doe moue: I know in a minute What's done in all Nations, And for seuen yeeres after, what euent still shall proue. If French, Turke or Spaniard Against vs conspire, Ile burne their whole Armies with balls of wild-fire: The shot of a Cannon I hold but a tov: I kill'd thirty thousand when I was but a Boy.

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- The victuals that would Gargantua sustaine The space of a yeere, I doe hold but a bit: For bring me ten thousands Of Waynes strongly laden, And I in a day will deuoure euery whit. Of Hogsheads the biggest That's in any house, Ile drinke off twice twenty at a mornings carowse; And blow thorow my nostrils Such a blusterous gale, 'Twill make thirty thousand tall Ships for to sayle.
- Although I haue trauel'd Through sword and through fire, And past such aduentures as neuer did none, Of all sorts of people, I hate a base Lyer, That talkes of aduentures, yet neuer saw none: If you meete with a Fellow That will prate, brag and lye, Tell him of my Trauels, hee'l cease by and by. Thus, wishing true Souldiers True Honours increase, A Fig for base Lyers, and so I will cease.

Finis.

Printed for Francis Groue, dwelling on Snow-hill.

The Essex man cozened

1, 290-291, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

"The Essex man Cozenned by a Whore" was registered by Francis Coles and partners on September 5, 1631 (Rollins, Analytical Index,

No. 774). Its moral is, marry in haste, repent at leisure.

A rich country man comes from Essex to London. In Turnbull Street — the very name of which would have warned a less unsophisticated person — he meets fine Nancy one day and marries her the next. Immediately after the marriage ceremony, Nancy's deception is revealed; whereupon her husband sells his property and enlists in the army for foreign service, while she returns to her old profession. In the final stanza, Richard Climsall (on whom see the notes to No. 83) warns all young men to look carefully before they leap into marriage.

The tune of Gallants, come away is used also for Martin Parker's "The Tragedy of Doctor Lambe," 1628 (Rollins, A Pepysian Gar-

land, pp. 276-282), but is apparently unknown to-day.

The Essex man coozened by a VVhore.
Or a fine and merry new Ditty,
That lately was done neere London City,
And if you please to stay a while,
You shall heare how th' Whore th' Essex man did beguile.

To the tune of, Gallants come away.

- You Countrey-men that are
 And trauell vnto London,
 And there doe sell fat ware,
 Take heede you be not vndon
 by Cupids snare.
- 2 For I will here vnfold A'iest that was done lately, As I for truth was told By a City Lasse most stately, of Cupids mould.
- 3 An Essex man came vp Vnto faire Londons City, Hauing thereby much hope To get a maiden pretty, but note his lucke.
- 4 His father being dead,
 And left him land and treasure,
 He had a running head
 To follow after pleasure,
 till he was sped.
- 5 Of Cattell he had store, As Oxen, Kine, and Horses, Now he begins to rore And follow euill courses, more and more.

THE ESSEX MAN COZENED

- 6 A droue of Sheepe he brought Of late to Smithfield market, And there they soone were bought. The iest comes now, then harke it, for he out sought,
- 7 To find a faire young bride Which might content his fancy, And soone he had a guide That brought him to fine Nancy, decked with pride.
- 8 In *Turnebull* street she liued, And commonly vsed trading, From Bridewell late relieued, For vsing of her whoring, thus she him deceiued.
- 9 His mind she did fulfill In each respect so pleasing, That he was lusting still, With her to haue some dealing: but note her skill.
- That was a faire young Virgin,
 And would not so be won,
 Vntill she had a husband
 of her owne.

The second part, To the same tune.

AGaine, quoth she, to him,
Here haue I no friend knowing,
Because Ile not by them
Yeeld to my bestowing,
till I see time.

- 12 Quoth she, I am a Ward,
 And heire am to great living,
 Therefore Ile make regard
 To what man I am yeelding,
 lest I be snar'd.
- 13 When as this youngster heard Her vtter forth these speeches, His heart was newly chear'd, And for her loue beseeches with much regard.
- I4 Quoth he, Sweet-heart, I know I have for to maintaine thee, Howsoeuer the world doe goe, With all things fine and dainty, then ease my woe.
- 15 My loue to you is such,
 That I for your sweet fauour,
 Can thinke no cost too much,
 Then let me lose no labour:
 sweet is't a match?
- 16 She said she would consent, If he would marry quickly, For feare of some's preuent That for her loue was sickly, and did lament.
- 17 Then kindly with a kisse
 He sweetly did salute her,
 And said, my Loue for this
 I will remaine thy debtor
 whilst life I misse.
- 18 No longer we will stay,
 But with all haste be marryed,
 For feare that long delay
 May cause vs to be miscarried,
 then let's away.

THE ESSEX MAN COZENED

- 19 'Twas in the afternoone That he began to woo her. But ere next day was done, He marryed and made sure, as 'tis well knowne.
- 20 The comfort that he had,
 When he from Church returned,
 Was, this poore silly Lad
 His head was sorely horned,
 which made him mad.
- 21 The Wardship that she told Him, when he did woo her, Was but a tale of old, His mind for to inlure, till she was sold.
- When as he found he was
 Thus coozened by a Strumpet,
 He sold all, and left his Lasse,
 And with the Drums & Trumpet the Seas did passe.
- 23 And where this Ward is now, I am not very certaine, But he doth her allow
 To goe and seeke her fortune as she knowes how.
- All you young men take heed,
 That rashly ride a wooing,
 For feare you take a Bride
 That proues to your vndoing,
 as this mans did.

FIRIS.

R. C.

Printed at London for H. Gosson.

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Love without luck

1, 348-349, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

This ballad — in theme and expression something like "A Lover's Complaint," which is attributed to Shakespeare — was registered by Francis Coles and partners on September 5, 1631 (Rollins, *Ana lytical Index*, No. 1561). The printer I. G. was probably John Grismond, who printed from 1618 to 1638. The tune is apparently unknown.

James Hamilton (1606–1649), third Marquis and first Duke of Hamilton, — known in the English peerage as the second Earl of Cambridge (stanza 6), — commanded the British troops under Gustavus Adolphus, 1630–1634. He was beheaded on March 9, 1649, for his share in the so-called Second Civil War, as is narrated in a ballad reprinted in my Cavalier and Puritan, pp. 241–246.

LOVE WITHOUT LUCK

Loue without Lucke, Or The Maidens Misfortune

To the Tune of the new Celebrand.

N the sweet temperate Ayre of a May Morning, When Ver and Flora faire had bene adorning The louely Fields and Meades, Valleyes and Mountaines, Cheering the bubbling Brookes and streaming Fountaines: When Yonglings sport and play, (Æstiua's Holyday) 1 As I walkt on the way for recreation, Where each Lad with his Lasse, Neatly trip on the grasse, As they the Meadowes passe, in louely fashion.

Now Groues and Copses lowd Ecchos are ringing, The Mauis, Robin, and earely Larke singing, Philomel chaunts her note Iugg, Iugg, most sweetly, And the faire Bird of May Coo-koo discreetly, Each Bird did chirp and sing, To welcome in the Spring, With cheerefull solacing, and fragrant Flowers All louely to the eye, Smelling most curiously, In choice varietie for Ladies Bowers.

I. e., a sunshiny holiday in summer (from aestiva).

Singling my selfe alone 3 for my contenting, I heard a Beautious One sadly lamenting, Teares downe her louely cheekes from eyes distilling, Sighing; and curst the Time, ere she so willing Had yeelded foolishly, Vp her Virginitie, And growne in misery, after despised Of him she held so deare, Who had pluckt from her there, What she most deemed neere and highly prized.

Lands that are morgag'd may oft be redeemed, But Virgin-Honor lost neuer esteemed: Were she the fairest One Nature ere framed, That matchlesse Iewell gone and she defamed, In scorne it will be said, There goes one was a Maid, Yet hath the Wanton play'd, oh, this doth grieue me, Chiefely to thinke that he Should so inconstant be, Louing him faithfully, thus to deceive me.

The second part. To the same tune.

5 VVIIth that againe she wept, Her griefes renewing, Whereon to her I stept, her feature viewing,

LOVE WITHOUT LUCK

Thinking some Angell bright in shape of woman,
So dazeled had my sight;
for I thinke no man
Ere yet beheld with eye
One more immortally,
(For wit and modestie,
grace, Art, and feature)
Deckt with deportments faire,
And Beauties passing rare.
Thus I began. Oh Faire
Diuinest creature,

- Tell me, where liues the Man could be so cruell, Ile right thee if I can for thy lost Iewell, And force him marry Thee if thou desire it, That hee so false could bee, I doe admire it. Then with teares in her eyes, Mournfully shee replyes, He's for some golden price, rashly is ventred: Else ore the Seas is gone, With Marquesse Hambleton, And like a periurd one, left mee distempred.
- 7 But since the time that hee, the Seas has taken:
 My friends despightfully, haue mee forsaken:
 Father, and Mother; All Brothers and Sisters,
 Lewd Strumpet doe me call, and as Detesters
 They loth my company;

I dare not come them nie,
But may curse till I die,
all false Protestors,
That seeke their wils to haue,
And yet poore maids deceiue,
Then doe no credit giue
vnto such Iesters.

No mariage yet at home, would I accept on: Till at length ouer come, by this young Captaine, Who had vow'd earnestly hee would mee marry And his faire promises made mee miscarry, For fearing of none ill I yeelded to his will, Sorrow my heart doe kill, being disdained. Let this my misery, To all a warning bee, To keepe their chastitie pure and vnstained.

FIRIS.

Printed at London for I. G.

80

A constant wife

1, 390–391, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts, slightly torn. Another black-letter copy (B) at IV, 82 (with four columns and two woodcuts), was printed by F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke about 1675. It is fully collated in the foot-notes, as an illustration of how later printers made unauthorized changes (usually for the worse) in old ballads. Other copies are in the Euing (No. 41, Glasgow University), Lord Crawford (No. 1456), and Manchester Free Reference Library (II, 15) collections.

In Part 1 there is a romantic love-story something like that of "Hockley in the Hole" (No. 45). A rich girl is shut up and guarded by her stern uncle, but the poor young lover breaks into the house and runs off with his sweetheart after fighting her jailers and putting them to rout. In the Second Part, somewhat in the vein of "Joan Is as Good as my Lady" (No. 24), he gives a detailed catalogue of his

mistress's beauties.

The ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall on September 5, 1631, by Francis Coles (publisher of the Pepys copy) and partners; it was re-entered on March 13, 1656, and March 1, 1675 (Rollins, Analytical Index, Nos. 386–388). For the tune see Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 259–260.

A constant VVite, ar kinde VVite, A louing VVite, and a fine VVite, VVhich gives content but mans life.

To the tune of, Lie lulling beyond thee.2

- Young men and maids lend me your aids, to sing 3 of my deare Sweeting:

 It showes how Fortune hath betrayd's 4 and often spoild our meeting.

 She likely was for to be rich, and I a man but meanely,

 Wharefore her friends at me did 5 grutch, and vsde 6 me most vnkindly.
- Her constancy I will declare,
 wherein she proued loyall:
 But few with her that will compare 7
 when they are put to tryall.
 Her friends against her did contend,
 because she lent me fauour,
 They said, I quickly all would spend,
 if that I might but haue her.
- 3 They did conuey her from my sight,
 because she should exempt me:
 I could not find my hearts delight,
 which sore did discontent me.
 I traueld ouer craggy rockes,
 ore mountaine,8 hills, and valleys,
 But she was kept from me with lockes,
 onely through spight and malice.
- But Loue that conquers Kings and Queens, herin did shew vs fauour,
 It 9 brought to passe, and wrought the meanes, in what place I should 10 haue her.

and a B. 2 Locks and Bolts do hinder B. 3 speak B. 4 betray'd B. 5 do B. 6 use B. 7 But few that will with her compare B. 8 Mountains B. 9 I B. 20 could B.

A CONSTANT WIFE

She had an Vncle did detaine, and keepe ^t her presence ² from me: Whom I was very like t'haue slaine,³ because he so did ⁴ wrong me.

- I boldly came where he ⁵ did dwell, and asked for my Sweeting:
 They said of her they could not tell, which was to me sad greeting.
 But presently shee heard my voyce, and call ⁶ me at her windor.
 O I would come to thee my choise,⁷ but doores and lockes doe hinder.
- 6 Whereat amazed I did stand,
 to heare her make that answer:
 I drew my sword into my hand,
 and straight the house did enter,
 And then I made the lockes to flie,
 and doores in pieces shatter:
 I vow'd to haue her company,
 and quickly I came at her.
- 7 Her Vncle and some of his men,
 did after present follow:
 Who said I should ne'r⁸ out againe,
 but in my blood should wallow:
 But with some hurt done on both sides,
 I brought ⁹ my Sweet-heart from them,
 Young men to win ¹⁰ yourselues such Brides,
 fight for to ouercome them.
- 8 Then ioyn'd we hands in *Hymens* bands to loue and liue together,

 She lov'd me not for house nor " lands, for I had none of either.

^{*} kept B. * person B. * Which I had very like to have slain B. * because he did so B. * she B. * Read call'd B. * 1 love B. * got B. * 10 get B. * 1 or B.

Her loue was pure, and doth endure, and so shall mine for euer: Till death doth vs so much iniure, as * part vs from each other.

The second part, to the same tune.2

- WIth hand and heart I will impart, the praises of my ³ Sweeting,
 Now welcome ioyes, and farewell smart, blest be the time of meeting
 With my Sweet-heart and onely Deare, in whom is all my pleasure.
 The like of her doth not appeare, she is so blest a treasure.⁴
- O happy be the stime and houre, that ere I saw her feature: Sure heauens blisse on me did showre, to send me such a creature. She is so pleasing to my minde, the like was neuer any, Shee's vertuous, wise, and very kinde, she farre surpasseth many.
- Her comely feature may compare with any in Towne or Citie,
 For courtesie she is most rare, likewise she is ⁹ full of pitie.
 No vertue that can giue content to any earthly creature, ¹⁰
 But God to her the same hath sent, ¹¹
 to please the will of Nature. ¹²

to B.

In B the Second Part begins with stanza 7.
the praise of my dear B.

So is that B.

in all that hear her praises B. whereby her Glory raises B.

A CONSTANT WIFE

- Her golden lockes like threeds of gold, her eyes like stars doe glister,
 Her cheekes like ^x Rose and Lillies ² fould, she may be Venus sister.
 Shee hath a handsome dimpled chin,³ her necke shines like the chrystall:
 Her ⁴ like hath seldome times beene seene, she seemeth so celestiall.
- 13 Her armes and shoulders are compleat her brests ⁵ like Alabaster; Her waist and body ⁶ is as ⁷ neat, there's none that ere surpast ⁸ her, Her eloquence giues such content to ⁹ all that heare her phrases, ¹⁰ That freely they'll giue their consents ¹² to ¹² yeeld her earthly praises.
- 14 Her Lilly hand is ¹³ at command, to doe me any seruice:
 And quickly she will vnderstand a matter whatsoere it is.

 If I bid goe shee will not stay, to worke any ¹⁴ displeasure,
 But presently she goes her way, ¹⁵
 And is not this a treasure?
- 15 Her parts below Ile not descry,
 but 16 they are very neat ones,
 A dainty foot and 17 leg, and thigh,
 as can be made of flesh and bones.
 Shee is so perfect in her parts,
 that many were inflamed,
 On her they wholly set their hearts,
 and at her fully aimed.

The B. Is the B. It is a dimple in her Chin B. It is brest B. It is brest B. It is brest B. It is hands are B. It is a dimple in her Chin B. It is a dimple

Thus to conclude and end my song, I wish well to the Female, Or else I sure should doe them wrong, and proue my selfe a tell-tale. Young men adue, be kind [and true] vnto your onely Sweet[ing.] Obserue your time, you [need not rue] nor curse the houre of [meeting.]

FIRIS.

London Printed for F. C.4

² prove not untrue B.

3 time B.

^{*} Or else I should do them much wrong B.

⁴ Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke B.

Under and over

1, 264-265, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

Under and over, the music for which is given in Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 189-190, was the tune of Laurence Price's "Rock the Cradle, John," a ballad registered on November 4, 1631 (Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 162-164; Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 2319). It is also the tune of No. 82, which was printed in January, 1632. Accordingly, a date of about 1631 for "Under and Over" seems plausible. The refrain might - at least to the irreverent - suggest Swinburne's "Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell," with its insistence that "under is

over and under," "over is under and over."

Here appears the old story of betrayed innocence. A young man, having had his will with a maid, "from her wanders to France or else to Flanders," while the girl gives birth to a child. By her mother's connivance she disposes of her baby secretly; and then, to conceal her past, she goes to London, - "No one could . . . seem a Virgin purer," — where a tailor woos and weds her. Ballads never tire of this plot, though sometimes other men than tailors ("A tailor is no man," says the old proverb) were deceived. For example, Robert Guy's "Witty Western Lass" (Roxburghe Ballads, III, 47-51) has a frail heroine who flatly declares that, since a man has tricked her, she is going to London solely to trick some other man into marrying her and making her an "honest" woman. So, too, the author of Cornucopiæ, Pasquil's Night-cap, 1612 (ed. Grosart, p. 36), asserts:

> For I have knowne some wenches that have borne Tow or 3 bastards (at the least) a peece, So that they were derided, had in scorne, And hooted at, as if they had been Geese; And after all these mockes, and much a doe Haue gone to London but a yere or two, And there within short time haue proau'd good Maides, And been well married vnto men of Trades.

See also my comments on Nos. 83 and 85.

A New little Northren Song called, Vnder and ouer, ouer and bnder, Or a pretty new Ieast, and yet no wonder, Or a mayden mistaken, as many now bee, View well this glasse, and you may plainely see.

To a pretty new Northern tune.

- AS I abroad was walking,
 I heard two louers talking:
 One to the other spake,
 of loues constancie:
 I ore a medow turning,
 vpon a Summers morning:
 I heard these Louers mourning,
 cause of loues cruelty.
 For vnder and ouer, ouer and vnder,
 vnder and ouer agen,
 quoth shee sweet heart I loue thee,
 as maydens should love men.
- 2 The young-man he replyed,
 and not her loue denyed,
 Quoth hee I am affyed:
 in constancy to thee,
 Then cast all sorrowes from thee:
 for I will neuer wrong thee,
 Sweet pleasures shall o'rethrong thee
 so thou bee true to me.
 For vnder and over, over and vnder,
 vnder, and ouer agen,
 I meane sweete heart to loue thee,
 as mayds are lou'd of men.
- 3 (Quoth she) my onely sweeting, men fayle oft in their meeting, Let me haue faithfull greeting, or else depart for aye:

^{*} Read speaking.

UNDER AND OVER

O say not so my Iewell,
for then you are to cruell,
Yeeld Cupid's fire more fewell,
let not true loue decay.
For under and over, over &c.
I loue thee mine owne sweeting,
as mayds are lou'd of men.

- Sayd shee, you men can flatter,
 (quoth he) sweete no such matter,
 With that amaine flung at her:
 and then began to play,
 Such kisses sweete he gaue her,
 and often time did craue her,
 That he in loue might haue her:
 to sport with him all day.
 At under and over, over &c.
 yeeld thou to sport with me sweet
 as mayds doe sport with men.
- 5 He by the white hand tooke her, and then in kindnesse shooke her, Swearing he had mistooke her: if now she prou'd vnkind, Oh, yeeld my sweete vnto me, or else you will vndoe me, If thou no loue wilt show me, to griefe I am assign'd. Then vnder and over, over &c. come sport with me my sweeting, as mayds doe sport with men.
- 6 At length this Lasse consented, they both were well contented, And often times frequented, that louely meadow greene, To gather louely dazies, or sport in Cupid's mazes, I speake it to their praises: they merry there haue beene.

With vnder and over, over &c.
These two did sport together,
as vvomen sport vvith men.

7 E're fortie weekes expired,
this bonny Lasse was tyred,
Her heart with loue was fired:
and growne so round before,
This young man from her wanders,
To France or else to Flaunders:
Thus was she serued with Flanders,
her heart then waxed sore.
With vnder and over, over &c.
this mayd was wrong'd in earnest
as mayds are wrong'd by men.

The second part To the same tune.

- Then shee began to prattle, like one of Cupid's cattle, And dayly would she tattle, That her loue was too vnkind: Thus in distresse to leaue her, and by his words deceaue her, Which did of ioyes bereaue her, that shee was left behind.

 With vnder and over, over and vnder, vnder and over agen, she rayl'd against her sweet heart, as women rayle gainst men.
- 9 Then shee vnto her mother, complain'd before another, This fault she could not smother, her belly was so round: Quoth she) some comfort yeeld me, and from all shame pray shield me, For sorrowes Tyde hath fild me, that I am like to sound.

¹ Perhaps the reading should be glanders.

UNDER AND OVER

With under and over, over and under, under and over agen, she gainst her love complained, as mayds complaine gainst men.

- Her mother straight perceiued,
 her daughter was deceiued,
 Which very much her grieued,
 but now for helpe she seekes,
 How to keepe her daughter
 from shame should follow after,
 And this same shamelesse matter,
 in private close shee keepes.
 With vnder and over, over and vnder,
 vnder and over agen,
 she sayes vnto her daughter
 these are the trickes of men.
- II In briefe she was deliuered,
 the Carryer he was hyred.
 And she from thence was carryed
 to London with all speed:
 No one could be demurer,
 nor seeme a Virgin purer,
 Her carryage now did sure her,
 to bee a mayd indeed.
 With under and over, over and under
 shee vowes never to sport that way,
 that maydens use with men.
- Then in short time came to her,
 a Taylor and did woo her,
 He neuer could part fro her,
 till she was made his wife:
 He for a mayd did take her,
 and vowd ne're to forsake her
 But still be her partaker,
 And loue her as his life.
 With vnder and ouer, ouer, &c.
 She vow'd euer to loue him still,
 as vvomen doe loue men.

Thus were her griefes converted, and she was now light hearted, Being so well supported, by her new wedded mate, She now was freed from mourning, her griefe to ioyes were turning, She now liu'd voyd of scorning, dissension and debate.

With vnder and over, over and vnder, shee vow'd euer to love him still, as women doe loue men.

FIRIS.

London Printed for H G.

Rock the baby, Joan

1, 396-397, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts. One of the woodcuts, evidently designed for this ballad, is here reproduced.

Francis Coles and partners registered "Rocke the baby Joane" on January 2, 1632 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2318). It was published by one of the partners, Henry Gosson. For the tune, which carries with it a very pleasing movement, see the notes to No. 81.

A young man found himself on Sunday the father of a girl by his wife; on Monday his mistress bore him a son and died. Forced by the parish to provide for the boy, the father presented it to his wife Joan, requesting her to "suckle the baby, huggle the baby." How Joan at first scornfully refuses, — largely because of what gossip will say, — and how, later, after listening to her husband's smooth talk, she consents, is most amusingly set forth. The wife instead of being "somewhat currish," as line 2 has it, partakes more of the nature of that Patient Grissel whom in stanza 11 she is urged to imitate. Ebsworth (Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 349), probably because he enjoyed and admired "Rock the Baby," arbitrarily assigned it to Martin Parker, and thus misled me into attributing it to Parker's authorship in my Analytical Index.

Rocke the Babie Joane: OR,

Iohn his Petition to his louing Wife Ioane, To suckle the Babe that was none of her owne.

To the Tune of, Vnder and ouer.

- A Young man in our Parish,
 His wife was somewhat currish.
 For she refus'd to nourish
 a child which he brought home:
 He got it on an other,
 And death had tane the mother,
 The truth he could not smother,
 all out at last did come:
 Suckle the Baby,
 huggle the Baby,
 Rocke the Baby Ione.
 I scorne to suckle the Baby,
 Vnlesse it were mine owne.
- 2 His wife cry'd out on one day, I thinke it was on Sunday, The next day being Munday, his Wench in sunder fell: The Dad on't shee descryed, Which hauing done, shee dyed, This could not be denyed, alas he knew't too well. Suckle the Baby, &c.
- The Parish him inforced
 To see the Infant nursed,
 He being but lightly pursed,
 desir'd to saue that charge:
 He brought it to his owne wife,
 Whom he lou'd as his owne life:
 To her the case was knowne rife,
 he told her all at large.
 Suckle the Baby, &c.

ROCK THE BABY, JOAN

- 4 Quoth he my *Ione* my deerest, Thy loue to mee is neerest, Thy vertue will shine clearest, in doing this good deed: This Infant young is left heere, Vnable to make shift heere, Twill be of life bereft heere, vnlesse thou doe it feed. Suckle the Baby, &c.
- 5 Away thou false Deceiuer,
 Quoth shee farewell for euer,
 I am resolved neuer
 To loue thee as I did:
 Alas quoth hee my honny,
 I would not for any money,
 By thee my sweetest conny,
 to be so shrewdly chid.
 Suckle the Baby, &c.
- 6 Although I lou'd his mother,
 Ile vow to loue none other,
 What needst thou keepe this pother,
 since shee (poore wretch) is dead:
 No more she can thee trouble,
 And 'twould be charges double,
 If euery moneth a Noble
 I pay for milke and bread.
 Suckle the Baby,
 Huggle the Baby,
 Rocke the Babie Ione.
 I scorne to suckle the Baby,
 Vnlesse it were mine owne.

The second part. To the same tune.



- 7 Would be to my discredit,
 Should I both board and bed it,
 For neuer woman did it
 to a Bastard in this kind.
 O Ione leaue off this fashion,
 Twill be thy commendation
 To take commiseration,
 let not the child be pind.
 Suckle the Baby, &c.
- 8 What if the brat be starued?
 Experience hath obserued
 It should not bee preserued
 by her that is thy wife.
 Thy patience will appeare more,
 O take it Iuggie therefore.
 Beare with my fault, for wherefore
 should we continue strife?
 Suckle the Baby, &c.

ROCK THE BABY, JOAN

- J doubt I shall be forced,
 From thee to bee diuorced,
 Thy brood shall nere be nursed,
 by me nor by my cost.
 O wife be not so cruell,
 Thou knowst thou art my Iewell,
 Be certaine if thou doe well,
 thy labour is not lost.
 Suckle the Baby, &c.
- Ny neighbours will deride me, And none that dwell beside me Will euermore abide me for such a President.

 No Ione thou art mistaken, Twill other wiues awaken, Then let some course be taken for the childs nourishment.

 Suckle the Baby, &c.
- II Let patient Grissels storie,
 Be still in thy memorie,
 Who wonne a lasting glory,
 through patience in like sort:
 Although it touch thee neerely,
 This Barne that lookes so cheerely,
 Shall binde me still more deerely,
 to loue thee better for't.
 Suckle the Baby, &c.
- 12 Well *Iohn* thy intercession
 Hath chang'd my disposition,
 And now vpon condition
 thou'lt goe no more astray:
 Ile entertaine thy Baby,
 And loue it as well as may be.
 Doe so (sweet *Iugge*) I pray thee,
 then this is a ioyfull day.

Suckle the Baby,
Huggle the Baby,
Rocke the Baby Ione:
I prethee Iugge love my Baby,
And count it to be thine owne.

Is a laue a Girle, I bore it
But iust a day before it,
Although we be but poore yet,
these two we will maintaine:
Ile suckle it, and dandle it,
And very choycely handle it,
And thou shalt sope and candle get:
and thus betweene vs twaine,
Weele suckle the Baby,
And huggle the Baby.
Gramercy honest Ione.
O Iohn Ile rocke thy Baby,
As well as 'twere mine owne.

FIRIS.

Printed at London for H. G.

83

The praise of London

1, 188-189, black letter, four columns, five woodcuts.

Francis Coles (the publisher of the ballad) and Henry Gosson secured on May 24, 1632 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 2159), a license to print "The praise of London." Under the same title the ballad was re-entered in the Stationers' Register by John Wright and partners on July 16, 1634 (*ibid.*, No. 2160). On the tune, which is usually called *Honour invites you to delights*, see Chappell's *Popular Music*, 1, 327–328, and *Choyce Drollery*, 1656, ed. Ebsworth, 1876,

pp. 295-296.

The author, Richard Climsall (cf. No. 86), was a prolific ballad-writer. For references to many of his ballads see his name in my *Analytical Index*. Cities have not entirely changed since Climsall's day. They are still the magnet that draws country people, they afford great opportunities for pleasure and profit no less than for disaster, and they still seem to welcome most (stanza 14) those who have plenty of money. It is interesting to observe that Climsall tells (stanzas 8–11) how country girls who have been unfortunate or imprudent in their amours usually go to London and, after posing as unsophisticated maids, succeed in finding tailors or some other gullible men for their husbands; for this procedure, as is pointed out in the notes to No. 81, is a favorite ballad-convention.

Stanza 7 speaks of Germans who vault and dance in London. Foreign rope-dancers were common from 1590 to 1660; and among them were several famous Turks. Ben Jonson, in *Epicane*, II. i, mentions "the Frenchman that walks upon ropes"; and in *Cynthia's Revels*, II. i, he refers to "the fellow that walks upon ropes" but does

not tell his nationality.

The praise of London: OR.

A delicate new Ditty, which doth invite you to faire

London City

I cannot rightly speake but in her praise, Because shee is the flower of earthly ioyes.

To the tune of the second part of Hide Parke.

- A Ll you that delight in Pastime and Pleasure, now list to my Ditty wherein I will show; In London they'l say there is good store of treasure and that for a certaine there is many doth know, Great store of siluer and gold you may see, with all things else pleasing as euer can be: There are fine shewes and glistering sights, Then come to the Citie for your delights.
- 2 And yet there is many a Countrey Farmer,
 perhaps in objection this Prouerb may say,
 The Country fruits they doe helpe to adore I her,
 and make her seeme like to the flowers in May:
 True is the Countrey London doth feed,
 with such Commodities as there doth need:
 But as for renowne true honour fights,
 So London Towne is the chiefe for delights.
- 3 You see how the chiefest are thither resorting, and chiefly are there in the cold Winter time:

 The Citty in Winter is better for sporting, than tis in the Country in the Summer prime:

 The Lords and the Knights and the Ladies so gay, may there take their pleasure and go to a Play, Pleasure it flowes there day and nights,

 Then come to the City for your delights.
- 4 The Country Gentles and swagering Gallants, will not spare there mony to see this braue place, And if they want means they'l sel their whole talents, to see this braue City that is of such grace,

^{*} Read adorn.

THE PRAISE OF LONDON

With a braue Gelding, a Hawke and a Hound, will brauely come riding into this faire Town Meaning to see all the famous sights, Thus they come to th' Citty for their delights.

- 5 Likewise there is many a Country Miser, that will spare an Angell, a Marke or a pound, And bring vp his wife with him for to suffice her, and happily on her bestow a new Gowne:

 From one place to another about they will goe, and many braue pleasures his wife he wil show This is the humors of country wights

 They'l come to the City for their delights.
- 6 The Weauer, the Baker, the Brewer, the Miller, the Glouer, the Tanner, the Butcher, the Barber The Ioiner, the Cooper, the Sawyer, the Turner, the Tapster, the Hostler, the Clothier, the Taylor And many more Trades that here I might name, that heare of braue Londons renowned high fame All these prepare both day and nights, To come to the City for their delights.
- 7 The Spanish, the French, the Turke, and Italian and so doe the Gretians come thither also;
 And likewise they do come from al parts of Holland but seldome there any will back againe goe,
 The Germanes come thither to vault and to dance, whose names in the City doe highly aduance,
 The outlandish Lords with Ladies and Knights,
 Doe come to the City for their delights.

The second part. To the same tune.

Ilkewise you have many that catch some mischances as they in the Countrey are at their play:
The Maids and the Yongmen they love to have dances, and yet without musicke they'l passe time away:
The Maidens indeed sometimes by mishap, with playing and toying doe soone catch a clap,
Then to void blame and for their rights,
They come to the City for their delights.

- 9 Full well it is knowne such chanses come many; the Carriers indeed bring vp Maids to the City, And when they come there it is vnknowne to any, these Country Lasses, oh they are so witty: Theres enow beside Taylors that serue for a cloke, and helpe limping Vulkan to beare vp the yoke: Cupid he binds fast in mens sights, Then come to the City for your delights.
- My Aunt kept a Maid and she called her Mary, and she was beloued of the Miller Tom;
 And as she went out in an euening with Sary, this Miller by chance vnto her did come,
 All the whole night vntill it was day,
 Mary and Thomas together did play,
 But though it were night the Moone shined bright,
 Whereby Tom and Mary did take their delight.
- II Within short time after her teeth fell to aking, and she doubted *Thomas* had got her with child, Thus was the poore Lasse in a pittifull taking, and in her doubt she was no whit beguild, She safe was deliuered and *Thomas* he fled, this Maid was churched and the child was dead, She scapt all punishment by her fine flights,²

 And came to the City for her delights.
- My Ladies fine waiting maid met in the darke with Iohn Bould the Coachman who caused her to stay And she was inuited by this gallant sparke, to learne a pretty conceited fine play, What game they call it I cannot well tell, but in short time after her belly did swell, It made her offen fetch grieuous sighes, 3 Yet she came to the City for her delights.

¹ Text thought. ² Perhaps read sleights. ³ Read sightes (= sighs).

THE PRAISE OF LONDON

- Thus you see plainely how that here is many a gallant yong Lasse to the City doth come, Although they be broken what is that to any, there's some Maids come with the altho a small sum, They fit for the City as Bels for a Steeple, for in London dwelleth many sorts of people, Then come away you Noble wightes, Oh come to the City fit for your delights.
- 14 Faire London is ready to entertaine many, you kindly are welcome and so you shall find, But pray take my counsell and bring with you mony, and then you shall see they will proue very kind, The kind hearted lasses will welcome you all, and if you haue money to pay what you call; Come noble hearts where pleasure inuites, Oh come to the City for your delights.
- Thus in my conclusion all you that are willing, to buy this new Ditty whereby you may learne; Perhaps you spend many a penny or shilling, vpon many trifles which little concerne, Oh London is praised by all that her knowes, to be a place where ioy and pleasure it flowes; You that have wits may live by your slights, Then come to the City for your delights.

FIRIS.

R. C.

London, Printed for F. C.

A most pleasant dialogue

1, 310-311, black letter, four columns, two woodcuts.

Under the title of "A most pleasant dialogue," this ballad was registered by Henry Gosson and Francis Coles on May 24, 1632 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 1808). The author's initials (which are so blurred that in the Index I interpreted them as C. F.) are C. R., meaning Charles Records. Two other ballads by Records are printed in The Roxburghe Ballads, 1, 65-69, 111, 261-267 (cf. 681); and it seems likely that he was the "Charles Rickets" who signed "Charles Rickets his Recantation" (Rollins, A Pepysian Garland, pp. 420-424).

In this ballad (cf. No. 41) a young wooer submits to the most outrageous taunts from his sweetheart, who finally gives the lie to her taunting by confessing her love and agreeing to marry him. Nancy almost outdoes the conventions by her more than ordinarily coarse language. If such ballad-pictures are realistic, seventeenth-century men must have felt some trepidation and must have swallowed their

pride when they went to pop the question!

The tune of Lucina takes its name from the first line, "Sweet Lucina, lend me thy aid," of "The Witty Western Lass.... To a new tune called The beggar boy" (Roxburghe Ballads, III, 47-51). Under the name of The beggar boy the tune is given in Chappell's Popular Music, 1, 269-270, 285.

A MOST PLEASANT DIALOGUE

A most pleasant Dialogue: OR

A merry greeting betweene two louers, How Will and Nan did fall at strife, And at the last made man and wife.

To the tune of Lusina.

- Good morrow faire Nansie, whither so fast,
 I pray sweet, whither are you walking?
 Stand backe, Iack-sauce, I like not your cast,
 I scorne with Coxcombs to be talking.
 No rustick Clowne within the Towne,
 shall disturbe me, stop, stay, or hinder,
 To talke with such a foole as thee:
 no man shall thinke my wits so slender.
- 2 Thou knowst I am a Gentleman borne, and come of no small reputation:
 My fame will neuer be out worne, whilst Englishmen inioy this Nation.
 In forraigne Lands I haue beene proued to be the leader of the battel,
 Of Captaines Knights and Lords beloued, when thundring Drums and Cannons rattle.
- 3 I heard indeed thou hast beene prest,
 and know the cause of it, beleeue me:
 Onely to get a man releast,
 for which he 20. shillings gaue thee:
 But being come into the place,
 whilst others brauely shewed their cunning,
 Thou like a Coward didst hide thy face,
 and glad wert thou for to be running.

^{*} Thou would be a passable assonance, but the rhyme-scheme is not carried out consistently.

- 4 I haue 3. hundred pounds a yeere,
 which shall be thine, if thou canst fansie,
 And loue thy friend as may appeare,
 all shall redound to my sweet Nansie.
 My birth also thou dost well know,
 my Parentage doth grace our meeting:
 Grant me thy loue, and thou shalt be
 the Mistris of my wealth, my sweeting.
- 5 As for thy wealth, keepe to thy selfe,
 for feare heere-after thou shouldst want it:
 I knew a foole bestowed his pelfe,
 and in small time he did recant it.
 But for thy birth, I thinke on earth
 the like was not by one nor other,
 Long 7. yeeres together, through wind & weather,
 thou wast borne at the backe of thy mother.
- 6 When I liued with my friends at home,
 I went in silke and rich arayment,
 With Gallants I in Tauernes roard,
 ten pound at once in ready payment
 I did disburse out of my purse,
 vnto the Vintner for good licker,
 And so my Father allowd me to doe,
 to make my wits and spirits quicker.

The second part, to the same tune.

MVch like vnto a ruffian, rude,
thou didst 'mongst Puncks & Panders wander,
And commpany keptst with Strumpets lude,
as flockes of Geese keepe with the Gander.
To Tom of Bedlam wouldst thou skip,
all this is truth which I doe tell yet,¹
And eate the meate out of his scrip,
so glad wert thou to fill thy belly.

Read ye.

A MOST PLEASANT DIALOGUE

- 8 Why Nan, me thinkes thou shouldst not chide, nor put thy will to these disgraces:
 Many faire Lasses I haue denyed,
 which sought to win me with imbraces.
 Winny the witty and Parnell the pritty,
 and Sis of the City haue sought vnto me.
 Besse, Ioane, and Isabell: Sue, Alce & bonny Nell,
 thought of me passing well, & Kate did woo me.
- 9 Since thou so many loues hast had,
 and euery one of them doe forsake thee,
 Ile show thee how thou maist soone be a Dad,
 if thou with speed away be take thee.
 Goe to Pickt-hatch, there is bouncsing Kate,
 that for a good husband is like to miscarry,
 If thou goest vnto her, and soundly dost woo her,
 shee'd make thee a Dad the first day thou dost marry.
- Wilt please you to the Tauerne goe,
 and take a pint of Sack or Clarret:
 Fine Suger cakes weele haue also,
 what-euer it cost I will pay for it.
 The good Sack-bowle shall merrily trowle.
 in Nectar shall your health goe roundly,
 Then well-come lucke, my dainty duck,
 may sit and see her selfe pledg'd soundly.
- Thou boystrous Clowne, giue ouer thy sute, and leaue thy fabling complication:

 Speake wiser words, or else be mute, twill be more for thy commendation,

 Thy iolly red nose doth well disclose, and shew thee to be a man of mettle:

 Thou'lt sit in a house, to drinke and carouse, till thy nose looke like a Copper-kettle.
- All these strange speeches which here are past, shall neuer make me misdoubt my Nanny:

 I trust to inioy thy fauour at last, the words in derision thou hast given me many

Read tho.

I for thy sake will vnder take, to swim the Ocean like *Leander*. Be thou to me like *Penelope*, which in affection did neuer wander.

Then heeres my hand, sweet, Will at command my heart also shall still procure,
Like faithfull Hero to thee Ile stand,
like dame Venus will I indure,
To keepe my Ioy from direfull annoy,
Ile leaue my life to doe thee pleasure.
Take all thy selfe, my only sweet boy,
my Iewels, Rings, my gold and treasure.

Thankes gentle mistris of my heart,
my brest hath now giuen ouer panting:
To Church let vs goe act the part,
which yet betwixt vs two is wanting.
In Nuptiall bands giue hearts and hands,
which neuer can be separated.
Great Cresus gold twice ouertold,
could neuer be so highly rated.

Finis.

C. R.

Printed at London for H. G.

The constant wife of Sussex

1, 414-415, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Francis Coles and Henry Gosson registered "The constant wife of Sussex" on May 24, 1632 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 389). Its plot is similar to that of "Rock the Baby, Joan" (No. 82). The wife, who in the morning gives birth to a baby girl, shows her constancy by adopting the illegitimate male child that a servant before night bears to her husband. The servant, following the usual ballad-custom (cf. Nos. 81, 83), goes to London, poses as a virgin, and quickly marries a gallant who knows nothing of her past. The most interesting part of the ballad is that dealing with the midwife, old Mother Midnight, and her assistant gossips, who in the birth-chamber make merry with cakes and ale, telling stories of William of Cloudesly, the friend and comrade of Adam Bell and Clim of the Clough, of Robin Hood, and of John the Reeve, bondman of Edward III. Gervase Markham likewise remarks (ca. 1600) that the place most favored for gossip is a room "where one in travaile fall," for

There's secrets, newes & lyes, the divell and all more matters are broacht there a hundred fold and there more tales & nipping lyes are told.

He then gives a specimen scene, which deals — to use the words of his editor, Professor J. H. H. Lyon (A Study of the Newe Metamorphosis, 1919, p. 53) — with "an hilarious, free-spoken company, eating and drinking by the bedside of the mother and her son," making "an orgy of bestiality."

The tune is named from the first line of "A Merry Dialogue betwixt a Married Man and His Wife . . . To an excellent tune," 1629

(Roxburghe Ballads, 11, 158-163).

² See F. J. Child, English and Scottish Popular Ballads, No. 116; Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, 111, 102–118.

3 See Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript, 11, 550-594.

A cant name, which is also applied to a midwife in Ben Jonson's Magnetic Lady, v. iv.

The Constant VVite of Sussex. Vnto you here I will declare, A story wonderfull and rare, Of a wife to prevent her husbands shame, Vpon her selfe tooke all the blame.

To the tune of, I have for all good wives a song.

- I List to my dity Country men,
 A story strange and yet most true
 giue eare to that which will insue,
 No forraigne newes I haue to tell,
 but of a jest which late befell.
- 2 A wealthy Yeoman liu'd of late, a man that was of good estate: Within the County of Sussex faire his wife and he had neuer an heire Yet at the last as may appeare they got two Children in one yeare.
- 3 As on a day the good mans wife,
 whom he did loue as his owne life
 Vnto her husband thus spake she,
 I must a neighbours wife goe see.
 That lies in Child-bed, therefore Iohn,
 I meane to visit her anon.
- 4 The good wife being parted so,
 the man vnto his maid did goe:
 These words in curtesie he said
 vnto Elizabeth his maid,
 You labour hard and take great paine,
 but other folkes haue all the gaine.
- Now note the words that I shall say, thy Dame is gone out of the way Therefore to helpe thee worke Ile do Ile dresse the house and sweepe it too, To make the bed I will not faile, milke thou the Cow ile hold the paile.

THE CONSTANT WIFE OF SUSSEX

- 6 Vnto the same the maid agreed and so to worke they went with speed Before her Dame that she came home, they neuer a chare had left vndone How blest am I the good wife said, that haue so good a working maid.
- 7 But time that tempereth euery thing, did to this house contentment bring, Ere fortie weekes were gone and past the man had his desire at last Then marke the sequell while I tell how euery thing in order fell.
- 8 For first of all the good wife mild was safe deliuered of a child Old mother midnight and the rest their duties euery one exprest And by the fire with Cakes and Ale, each neighbour told a merry tale.
- One told a tale of *Iohn-a-Ree*,
 another of great *Cloudeslee*,
 The third spake much of *Robbin-hood* all this did *Besse* the maid no good:
 For though poore soule her belly did ake
 yet neuer a word she durst to speake.
- The midwife brought to good effect
 the thing that she did most expect,
 Each neighbour went vnto her home
 and left the midwife there alone,
 To dresse & trim the good mans daughter
 but note the iest that followes after.
- vithin a Cock-loft grieuously
 Which in her Masters eare did sound,
 her griefe that time did so abound
 That he desired the mid-wifes loue,
 so much that then she would go proue

The second part. To the same tune.

- HOw al things stood with Besse the maid, who came with speed and to her said, What cheare my girle how is't with thee the truth of all declare to me:
 Who answered her with speeches mild
 I by my Master am with Child.
- But to be short the mid-wife kind,
 began to ponder in her mind
 How to contriue there businesses so,
 no partie of the same should know,
 Saue onely foure which here is said,
 her selfe, the master, dame, and maid.
- 14 Lucina lent a helping hand,
 as you may plainly vnderstand
 Who brought to light a chopping boy,
 iudge was not this a happie day,
 The man in the morning had a daughter,
 by chance ere night a sonne came after.
- Which by the midwife was brought downe,
 the strangest thing that hath beene knowne
 This hundred yeare, is brought to light
 said she performed is this night:
 And vsing of most gentle speech,
 shee did the woman then besech
- To take this boy as for her owne quoth she if this thing should be showne 'T will be to your discredit both therefore sweet neighbour be not loth To nurse this child and keepe it warme poore boy it thinkes no creature harme.
- The good wife seemed well content and furthermore she gaue free consent To find it meat and drinke and cloth and therewithall she made an oath, The Infant it should neuer lacke when she a coat had to her backe.

THE CONSTANT WIFE OF SUSSEX

- This done the midwife tooke her way, pointing to come oth Christning day And spend in mirth an hower or two, and so should all her neighbours doe, The time being come the gossips all together met both great and smal.
- 19 Then said the midwife to the rest giue eare and you shal heare exprest, When you were gone what hap befel, vnto you I wil briefly tel:

 A girle you know came first in sight, but God sent us a boy ere night.
- This made the people wonder sore, as wel they might, for neuer before They heard the like: so now in hast one thing ile speake and end my Iest, Each creatures heart did leap for ioy, they cried Lord loue this little boy.
- This Besse was then to London sent,
 her Dame and Master wel content,
 Where she had but a smal time stayed,
 but to a gallant she was mary'd:
 The prouerbe is fulfilld therby,
 the blind oft time doth eat the flie.
- But for the woman which did saue, her husbands credit, I do craue,
 Good fortune on her may attend and guide her to her later end:
 And vnto euery constant wife
 I wish long dayes and happie life.

FIRIS.

London printed for Fr. Coles.

* Tarry'd would be preferable.

Roaring Dick of Dover

1, 434-435, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

Henry Gosson and Francis Coles registered "Roaring Dick of Douer" on May 24, 1632 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 2300). The

tune (cf. stanza 2, line 1) seems to be unknown.

Richard Climsall, on whom see the notes to Nos. 78 and 83, has here written a pretty good example of the popular bacchanalian. Songs like this throw a vivid light on the life of the roisterers of early seventeenth-century London.

ROARING DICK OF DOVER

Roaring Dick of Douer: OR.

The Iouiall good fellow of Kent, That ne'r is willing to give over, Till all his money be spent.

To the tune of Fuddle, roare and swagger.





- HEeres a health to all good fellowes, that intend with me to ioyne, At the Tauerne, or the Ale-house, and will freely spend their quoyne. But for such as hate strong liquor, are not for my company, O it makes my wits the quicker, when I taste it thorowly.
- I can fuddle, roare and swagger, sing and dance in seuerall sort,
 And giue six pence to a begger, in all this there's little hurt.
 Whilst some churle thats worth a million, will giue nought in charity,
 But to himselfe he proues a villaine: iudge who's better he or I.

- 3 There's many men get store of treasure,
 yet they liue like very slaues:
 In this world they haue no pleasure,
 the more they haue, the more they craue.
 Hang such greedy-minded misers,
 that will ne'r contented be,
 I haue heard by good aduisers,
 that content liues merrily.
- Wherefore should we liue in sorrow, since we may imbrace true ioy?
 To day aliue, and dead to morrow, as most commonly they'll say.
 He is a foole that pines his carkais, if he haue to serue his turne,
 And perhaps sometimes in darkenesse, grafted is his head with horne.
- 5 Hee's no right true-hearted fellow, that in company will drinke, Till such time as he is mellow, and not freely spend his chinke. Let such sharking base companions, be kickt out of company, For they be but beastly hang on's; and will call, but we must pay.
- 6 Come my Lads, be blythe and merry, sing and drinke and trace your ground, And let's haue a cup of Sherry; that (me thinks) goes kindly downe.

 Lets not spare whilst we haue money, for to pay for what we call,

 We needs must spare when we haue not any, that's the greatest plague of all.

ROARING DICK OF DOVER

The second part, To the same tune.

- 7 HOnest Hugh, Tom, Will and Harry, they will ioyne their money round, Kate, Nan, Besse and bouncing Mary, will not shrinke, but still are sound. They are Lads and honest Lasses, that to each others are kinde, They'l sing & roare, breake pots and glasses, when their heads are tipt with wine.
- 8 Some mens wives will brawle & wrangle, if their husbands spend a pot,
 But my selfe I will intangle,
 with a Lasse to pay my shot.
 I doe hate these base conditions
 of a deuillish scolding Queane,
 Iealous heads have bad suspitions,
 you may thinke of whom I meane.
- 9 Women kind let me intreat you, that you will not brawle and scold, For it makes your husbands beat you, some men will not be contrould, Therefore rest your selues contented: best I hold it so to be: In your minds be not tormented: but take part as well as he.
- for to haue a wife proue kind,
 Tis a ioy beyond all measure,
 I my selfe the same doe finde.
 If I had a scolding creature,
 I should neuer merry be,
 Sure I many times should beat her,
 with her I could not agree.

- Tapster, come and take thy reckoning, tell me kindly what's to pay,
 Yet Peeces in my pockets rattling, bidde me longer here to stay,
 Come bring a pipe of good Tobacco, let it be the very best,
 Thats the thing that here we take so, then come drinke with vs thy guests.
- Hang vp sorrow, I can borrow money for to buy two pots,
 Who can say to liue to morrow? then let's neuer sit like sots.
 When I haue spent away my money,
 I will goe and worke for more,
 And I haue a kinde sweet hony that sometimes will pay my score.
- 13 He that hath aboundant treasure, hence shall nothing beare away:
 Then let's take some part of pleasure, drinke and sing and freely pay.
 Whilst our time and money lasteth, let's not proue Curmudgeon boores, Time indeed away it hasteth:
 come let's goe and pay our scores.
- 14 Thus for to conclude my Ditty,
 heeres a health to all true blades,
 Remembring, Kate, Nell, Sis, and Betty,
 and all other kinde true Maides:
 I loue Meg, Nan, Alice, and Mary,
 Iane, and Ione, and my fine Doll,
 With Winifred, and my sweet Sara.
 Thus, kinde hearts, I leaue you all.

FIRIS.

R. C.

Printed at London for H. G.

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87

Good admonition

1, 50-51, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

This excellent didactic ballad is made up of old proverbial sayings and of paraphrases from the *Disticha Catonis*. The title and the first line indicate that it was the ballad licensed to John Wright and partners on July 8, 1633, as "A good admonicion to all true christians" (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1010). E. B. was probably Edward Blackmore, whose first publication appeared in 1618.

The tune, under the name of Mage on a Cree, is printed in John Playford's Dancing-Master, 1651, p. 61. I have not seen the first edition (1650) of Playford's book; in the sixteenth edition, 1716 (p. 9),

the tune is called Madge on a Tree!

Good Admonition

@r

To al sorts of people this counsell I sing, That in each ones affaire, to take heed's a faire thing.

To the tune of, Magina-cree.

- To all christian people, this ditty belongs,
 That haue the true sense,
 of their ears, eyes, and tongues:
 If well they doe keepe it
 'twill profit them bring,
 I giue but this Item:
 take heed's a faire thing.
- 2 Be sure aboue all things, that God thou doe serue, That safely from dangers, doth still thee preserue: Him laud for his mercy, and praise to him sing, And of that be not slacke: take heed's a faire thing.
- 3 See next that thy parents, thou loue and obey,
 Be rul'd by their counsells beleeue what they say:
 If so thou perseuer, in thy tender spring,
 Thy age will be blessed:
 take heed's a faire thing.
- 4 To fawning loose friendship,
 see thou doe not trust,
 Giue good words for good words,
 for flattery must
 With truth striue to wrastle,
 but fly thou her sting,

GOOD ADMONITION

Beware of her lurches: take heed's a faire thing.

- 5 Let not thy kind heart,
 make thy credit to cracke,
 Too prodigall be not,
 nor whats fitting lacke,
 To sheepskin and wax,
 see thy hand neuer cling
 In thriuing observe this,
 take heed's a faire thing.
- 6 Lewd Company see that,
 by no meanes thou keepe,
 Lest shame with disgrace then
 vpon thee doe creepe:
 And danger into her
 relaps will thee bring,
 Giue eare to my counsell,
 take heed's a faire thing.
- 7 Let no tempting harlot bewitch or intice,
 To sell that for lust,
 which did cost such a price,
 As his that died for thee,
 to heauen thee to bring,
 If thou wilt goe thither:
 take heed's a faire thing.

The second part. To the same tune.

Rinke wine but let temperance, measure thy boule,
Shun dice, and lewd gaming,
if thou loue thy soule.
Be iust in thy calling,
then consciences sting,
Shall neuer oppresse thee,
take heed's a faire thing.

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- 9 Vaine-glory and pride, like the deuill from fly, Foule theft and adultery, come thou not nigh, Wrath see thou eschew, for to murther twill bring, Then shamefull death followes: take heed's, Sc.
- Io Extortion and couetousnesse, see that thou hate,
 If that the white path,
 thou wouldst tread that is straight,
 For the broad way in fury,
 to hell wil thee bring,
 And too many finde it,
 take heed's, &c.
- If much thou possessest,
 be good to the poore,
 Let Charity neuer,
 depart from thy doore,
 Then fame of thy bounty,
 and goodnesse shall sing,
 But if thou doe other,
 take heed's, &c.
- 12 Take heed of repining at other mens good,
 Beare patiently losses,
 for tis vnderstood,
 That who so continues,
 his conscience will bring
 A peaceable ending,
 take heed's, &c.
- 13 Delight not in popular
 glory as vaine,
 Like April sunshine,
 thats mixed with raine.

GOOD ADMONITION

But keepe within compasse, and plenty will bring, The best of her labours.

take heed's, &c.

- Be awefull ore seruants,
 but not too precise:
 Be friendly with friendship,
 and friendly him prise,
 But if thou in danger
 thy selfe for him bring,
 The begger will catch thee,
 take heed's, &c.
- Thus doing content
 with true peace shalt thou find,
 And nothing disturbe thee,
 in body or minde:
 And after death brings thee,
 where Angels doe sing,
 Thou shalt liue for euer.
 take heed's a faire thing.

FIRIS.

London, printed for E. B.

An excellent ditty

1, 242-243, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The author L.M. may have been the Ll. Morg[an]. who signed the Pepysian ballad of "Every Man's Condition," ca. 1627 (Rollins, A Pepysian Garland, pp. 270–275). No facts about his life are obtainable. The tune is likewise unknown. The date of the ballad is uncertain, though it lies between the years 1618 and 1638, since the publisher was John Grismond. It is likely, however, that this ballad was identical with "An excellent Ditty" that John Wright and partners registered on July 16, 1634 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 786).

May is a favorite theme in English poetry, and "An Excellent Ditty" is worthy of the best traditions of the Maying songs. Sylvester addresses his Margery in lines as persuasive as they are musical, and the stanzas almost sing themselves. If stanzas 7–11 are omitted, the ballad finds few superiors among the poems of the early Eliza-

bethan miscellanies.

AN EXCELLENT DITTY

An excellent Ditty, both merry and witty, Expressing the love of the Pouthes of the City, Who take delight, as my Song doth say, Betimes in the morning to fetch home May.

To a pleasant new tune, or the two louely Louers.

- A Wake my owne deare sweeting, why dost thou sleepe so long; The Sun is neere vp rising, doe not thy selfe such wrong, Vpon this pleasing morning, swiftly let's take our way With ioy to welcome in, the merry moneth of May.
- I see the day starre twinckling, rising in the East,
 Which tels vs that Aurora, hath left her sluggish rest,
 Then rise vp my owne Honey, and let vs take our way,
 With ioy to welcome in,
 the merry moneth of May.
- 3 The Flowers are neat and dainty, which doe vs all inuite,
 To walke into the Meddowes,
 to giue our hearts delight:
 Vnder the rare greene shadowes,
 we may sport and play,
 With ioy to welcome in,
 the merry moneth of May.
- 4 The birds are sweetly singing,
 vpon the greene wood trees,
 Downe in the Medowes may we,
 walke vp to the knees,

In Primrose and sweet Dazies, with Cowslips neat and gay, Then come my onely sweeting, let vs goe gather May.

- 5 The Nightingale most pleasing, chants forth her merry straine, Then who would stay at home, that might such pleasure gaine. The youthes of this faire City, trimm'd in their best array.

 Are marching forth this morning, with ioy to gather May.
- 6 With Drums, with Fifes, and trumpets, they are brauely grac'd,
 With Muskets in the forefront, which they haue rarely plac'd,
 They all went on in pleasure;
 attyred neat and gay,
 And euery yong man has his Loue,
 that goes to gather May.
- 7 Roger with his Susan,
 and Robert his faire Iane,
 Richard with his sweet heart,
 to be lag doe disdaine,
 Sweet William and faire Nancy,
 in their apparell gay,
 Is early gone this morning,
 abroad to gather May.
- 8 Iohn Iinkin with his Gilian,
 Tom with Penelope,
 And Humphrey with sweet Prudence
 why then sweet may not we,
 As well as all these Louers,
 in our apparell gay.
 V pon this merry morning,
 walke forth to fetch home May.

AN EXCELLENT DITTY

The second part. To the same tune.

- 9 There's Randall with his Sara, marching hand in hand, Rowland and sweet Maudlin, that yeelds to his demaund, There's Arthur and sweet Margaret, which does her Loue obey, Is early gone this morning, abroad to gather May.
- Nicholas with his Betty,
 and Francis with faire Mary,
 Martin with Rebecca,
 and Dorothy with Harry,
 Elis with his Katherine,
 were gone ere breake of day,
 In their apparell neatly,
 to fetch home gentle May.
- II Edward with sweet Ione,
 and Lucres with Valentine,
 Iames with his sweetheart Alce,
 they must have Creame and Wine
 These Louers march in order,
 whilst Musicke sweet doth play;
 With songs and pleasant Ditties,
 about to gather May.
- This is the moneth of pleasure, and Aprils watry showers,
 Hath falne in comely measure,
 to encrease the pleasing flowers,
 That Louers gather early,
 to make them Posies gay,
 Compos'd of sundry colours
 within the moneth of May.
- 13 Margery my sweeting, thy Siluester doth call, I faine would be this morning, the formost of them all.

I see Apollo's splendor, darts from the East most gay, To grace these comely Louers, to fetch home louely May.

- The Blackbird sings most sweetly, so doth the Nightingale,
 The Fawnes play in the high woods, the Hare runs ore the Dales,
 The bleating Lambes most sweetly, delight to sport and play,
 The small birds sweetly warble,
 to welcome pleasant May.
- Sweet Sillibubs wee'l haue Loue, with Cakes and Pudding-pyes,
 With Creame bestrew'd with Sugar if that my Madge will rise.
 To heare the Cuckoo sing sweet, and see her feathers gray,
 Who with her notes most kindly, doth welcome in sweet May.
- If Strike vp thy Pipe good Piper,
 I see my Loue doth come,
 Much like the Queene of beauty,
 her splendor lights the roome,
 Come, come, my gentle sweeting,
 with all the speed we may,
 Lets walke to the greene Meddowes
 to gather pleasant May.

FIRIS.

L. M.

Printed at London for Iohn Grismund.

89

All lovers' joy

I, 254-255, black letter, four columns, three woodcuts.

This charming love-song is an illustration of what a broadside ballad could become when a real poet turned to that medium of expression. There are few poems in the Elizabethan miscellanies more delightful than this. It is commended to the attention of those — if

there be such — who believe all ballads to be trash.

"All Lovers' Joy" may be a sequel to P. L.'s (Peter Lowberry's) "The Constant Lover," 1638 (Roxburghe Ballads, 1, 212–216; Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 382), the refrain of which is, "Though I live not where I love." A traditional ballad with this refrain is printed in Chappell's Popular Music, 11, 453 (see also 451–452). The refrain was perhaps in proverbial use. Thus Lyly, in Euphues and his England, 1580 (Works, ed. Bond, 11, 48), says of Philautus, "he is not where he liues, but where he loues."

The date of the ballad may be assumed to be about 1638. The tune

of New paradise is not known.

A most delicate, pleasant, amorous, new Song, made by a Gentleman that eniopes his Loue, shewing the worth and happinesse of Content, and the effects of loue, called, All Louers Ioy.

To the tune of New Paradise.

- SIng, O sing, the day is cleare.
 Sad misfortunes are estranged,
 Kinder Planets rule the Spheare,
 what was ill, to good is changed:
 My more froward haps remoue,
 And I now liue where I loue.
- No more ioy to man can happen, then a creature so diuine,
 As my loue, Each part is shapen like to Venus in her prime,
 No delight so true doth proue,
 As the sweet contents of loue.
- 3 Cynthya, when she kist Endimion, vpon towering Latmos mount, By each free and wise opinion, was not of so deare account. In no age was knowne to moue, Fairer then my fairest Loue.
- 4 Hellen in those wrinckled dayes,
 was accounted beauties mirrour,
 My sweet Ladies glistering rayes,
 now approue that Ages errour.
 Hellen far her selfe's aboue,
 Neuer liu'd a fairer Loue.
- 5 Had Paris, when from Troy he parted, seene in Ida my rich Fleece, Spartas Queene had not orestarted, neither her true Lord nor Greece.

 Paris ne're had crost the flood,
 To this day faire Troy had stood.

ALL LOVERS' JOY

6 Iason left his native Greece, and vnto Cholchis toyling went, At his returne, his Golden Fleece equal'd not this ornament: Ancient Authors doe approve Mine the Queene of truest love.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

- PRincely Theseus neuer knew, nor the wandring Prince of Troy, A beauty so divine and true, all their times could not enioy. All their fortunes mine is aboue, To enioy so true a Loue.
- 8 Happier I then tongue can vtter, to possesse so faire a Faire, Euery sense for ioy doth mutter, to my ioyes none can compare: Sweeter pleasures cannot moue, Then to liue where one doth loue.
- 9 Powerfull loue, the worlds knight Marshall,
 I will sacrifice to thee,
 My true honours shall be vnpartiall,
 that thou shalt receive from me.
 All the gods thou art aboue,
 Let me still live where I loue.
- None doth win a happier prize
 then content (in mine opinion)
 All the censurers of the wise,
 grant it is the best dominion:
 For the wisest doth approue,
 Kings can but liue where they loue.
- II Silly Swaines that pipe on bankes,
 (turn'd poore Shepheards for their liuing)
 Giue to loue as many thankes,
 as in Court great Lords are giuing.

Trust, content doth euer moue, In that place where resteth loue.

- I will euer thee adore,

 Thou art onely earths great wonder

 Cupid, I thy aide implore.

 As to serue thee stil I stroue,

 Grant me still life where I loue.
- 13 Pleasure now such scope possesseth, all my ioy is in the prime,
 No sad thought my mind opresseth, comfort is so truely mine.
 All delights doe in me moue,
 Because I liue where I loue.
- 14 Come, O come and sing with me, at my Feasts and Banquetings Louers all, that speeders be, come reioyce like petty kings: All our songs shall still approue, All content doth live with love.

Finis.

Printed at London for H. G.

The discourse between a soldier and his love

1, 296-297, black letter, four columns, four woodcuts.

The theme of a woman's constancy to her soldier- or sailor-lover was a favorite among ballad-writers. Here, with a refrain that is reminiscent of the popular ballad, Peg brushes aside all objections, firmly vows her intention of kilting her coat to go to war, and, in the end, actually does go with her lover, presumably in male attire. This "Discourse" is in many particulars like the jig of "Thomas and Margaret" reprinted in my Pepysian Garland, pp. 173-175. For another Peg — this time a married woman — who gives up even her husband and child to follow her lover, see "A New Ballad of the Soldier and Peggy," 1656 (Roxburghe Ballads, 11, 475-479; Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 2470). Ballads narrating the martial adventures of women are not uncommon. Several, like "The Gallant Shesoldier," "The Famous Woman-drummer," and "The Soldier's Delight, or The She-volunteer," may be found in The Roxburghe Ballads, VII, 727-739; various others will appear in later volumes of The Pepys Ballads. Even in our own day, though there are no ballads to celebrate them, female "battalions of death" have done active service in battle. See also the account of Hannah Snell (1723-1792) in The Encyclopædia Britannica.

"The Discourse" may have been the ballad entered by Mrs. Griffin as "The Souldier and his Loue" on July 17, 1640 (Rollins, Analytical Index, No. 2469), although the Pepys copy was printed for Francis Coles. The tune of *Upon a summer time* is given in Chap-

pell's Popular Music, 1, 254-255.

The Discourse betweene A Souldier and his Loue. Shewing that she did beare a faithfull minde, For Land nor Sea could make her stay behinde.

To the tune of Vpon a Summer time.

Souldier.

I MY dearest deare adue,
since that I needs must goe
My Fortunes to pursue
against some Forraine Foe.
Being that it is so,
I pray thee patient be,
And doe not kilt thy Coat,
to goe along with me.

Pegge.

2 Alas my dearest heart,
if that thou leaue me here,
Death kills me with his dart,
as plainly may appeare.
For sorrow griefe and smart,
will quickly make me dye,
Therefore Ile kilt my Coat,
and goe along with thee.

Souldier.

3 Ouer the dangerous Seas, whereto I must repaire, Will breed thee some disease, and change thy colour faire. Therefore my Loue forbeare, and well aduised bee, And doe not kilt thy Coat to goe along with mee.

DISCOURSE BETWEEN A SOLDIER AND HIS LOVE

Pegge.

4 Theres nothing can withstand, a willing settled minde:
There neither Sea nor Land, shall make me stay behind.
I thinke I were vnkind, to leaue thy company:
Nay I will kilt my Coat and goe along with thee.

Souldier.

5 Sweet-heart let me perswade, that thou wilt stay at home, And marke what shall be said as all to passe will come. When we haue past the Seas, and come vnto the Land, Against our Enemies, in Armour we must stand.

Pegge.

6 Well I for one will stand,
whilst that my life doth last,
And fight with heart and hand,
till dangers are ore past.
And then I will releiue
thee in extremity,
Therefore Ile kilt my Coat,
and goe along with thee.

The second part to [the] 2 same tune.

Souldier.

7 To lye in open fields, in time of Frost and Snow, Without or house or shields, where bitter blasts doe blow.

Read Theres.

² Text omits.

[255]

It will thy body change, my deare I tell to thee: Then doe not kilt thy Coat, to goe along with me.

Pegge.

8 Sweet-heart I doe suppose, all that you say is true,
I am as sure a choyce, as I appeare to you.
I thinke I were vnkind to leaue thy company,
Therefore Ile kilt my Coat and goe along with thee.

Souldier.

9 It is a dangerous thing,
my sweet, my faire, my deare,
To heare the Cannons ring,
like thunder in the ayre.
The sword, the Pike, the Speare,
the dreadfull enemie:
Will much affright thy Coat
to goe along with me.

Pegge.

I will lay all aside,
what euer may befall,
Whatsoeuer doth betide
Ile venture life and all.
The matter were but small,
though for thy sake I dye,
Therefore Ill kilt my Coat,
and goe along with thee.

I Text verture.

DISCOURSE BETWEEN A SOLDIER AND HIS LOVE

Souldier.

II My griefes would still abound, if I should see thee want, Thy cries would still resound, and make my heart to pant. Sweet-heart let not thy mind, be bent vnto the sea, Nor doe not kilt thy Coat to goe along with me.

Pegge.

12 Why, doe thou not despaire, nor trouble so thy mind:
Howsoeuer I doe fare
Ile take it as I find.
And I will thee comfort
in middest of thy woe:
Then doe not say no more,
but yeeld that I may goe.

Souldier.

- Then welcome with my heart seeing thou wilt goe with me Thou playest as kinde a part as did *Penelope*,

 Thou comfortst all my woes,

 Ile haue thy company:

 Therefore loue kilt thy Coat and goe along with me.
- 14 No Turtle to her mate,
 could euer be more true,
 For she with fortunes fate,
 all dangers did pursue
 She ventures loue and life,
 most like a louer true:
 God send me such a wife,
 and so kind hearts adue.

Printed at London for F. Coules.





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